

# CAVALCADE

AUGUST '55 1/6

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transmission by post as a periodical

WILL INSANITY  
HIT AT YOU?

—page 78



# PROVED!

MORE THAN

*Double*  
*Engine Life*  
WITH...



**EXTRA  
MOTOR OIL**

GET IT TODAY

From your  Retailer

In Independent Tests  
carried out by  
university engineers

## Contents for

# CAVALCADE

AUGUST, 1955 ★ Vol. 22, No. 3.

### FACT

I.V. BEASTIES ARE TALENTED AND TOUGH	John Cowan	4
HE CUT EYE WOUND HIM A TITLE	Ray Whitwell	10
THEY DIE WITH THEIR EARS	Colin Meade	12
THE BRIGHT WOLF BEYOND	James Haddock	14
THEY DIED FOR THE LION	Leo Toban	21
TARDIS TO TRAMP OVER TIME	John D. Jones	27
ADVENTURE IN THE SILENCE	R. J. Shannon	49

### FICTION

YOU DON'T ONLY SHOOT BOGS	Jeff Carter	50
TOKEN FROM TOKYO	Neil Petrus	56

### FEATURES

CRIME CAPSULES	20
PICTURE STORIES	16-19, 30-31, 38-39
FOUNDED TO A BETTER HEALTH	41
HEALTH PANEL	42
CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH	54-55
STRANGER AND STRANGER	43
QUICK DRIFT	58
CARTOONS	11, 14, 22, 27, 45, 49-50, 53, 56

### CAVALCADE

## KNOW YOURSELF

SECTION

WHAT CAN A NICE GIRL DO?	May Ellen Flynn	61
LANDER OF THE FROG (A) CAN BE EATEN	— Motor Philips	62
HOW BARELY FEELS LIKE A FROG	— Lester Wood	63
HEAT OR VISIBILITY—WHICH IT MATTER?	Bob M. Hagan	12
WILL INMUNITY HIT AT YOU?	— Spencer Leffing	13

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# T.V. Beauties are

Beauty such as this  
draws the attention  
of television audiences



To boost audience rating, television companies are forever seeking beautiful girls of talent who are tough enough to last through the hard grind of T.V.

## talented and tough

JOHN CAWSON

QUICK television was introduced to American and English audiences, TV companies have been engaged in a frantic cut-throat competition to build their audiences relying on recruiting famous beauty. Each nation has combed its country for beautiful girls and these charms undoubtedly play a major part in holding the television public's undivided attention.

As in commercial radio in America and Australia, surveys are taken and percentage ratings determined for individual stations and their programmes in order to capture sponsors, television producers do their utmost to boost their programme rating. Thus a station manager may approach potential commercial sponsors and tell them that a certain percentage of the public see or hear a particular programme, and consequently the sponsor's advertising.

Naturally the high-rating programmes are snapped up without hesitation by commercial bodies. And in America, television has a much higher rating than has radio.

Television production costs are high and many TV companies have been forced out of business, with low ratings a prime factor for their failure.

Only the best scripts are accepted by the TV networks; only the best actors and actresses, only the best of anything will do—and that

includes beauties of every type.

Gone are the days when a bank-toothed, flat-chested girl got a job at the microphone and let the hair fly. Television viewers want, and demand, only the prettiest faces and figures, and their voices must match their physical attributes.

Furthermore, not only must they be easy on the eye and ear, but they must be good actresses as well.

For instance, in an original approach to its "breakfast" session, and consequently to build its ratings, one Chicago T.V. station has a true to life "bed-to-breakfast-and-off-to-work" routine, just as you'd find in the lives of normal people.

To commence the day's shooting the TV camera focuses on the town beds in an ordinary suburban bedroom at just about the time when Mr and Mrs Chicago would be awakening.

The actress in one bed will roll over and suggest that her husband, who appears to have a hangover, make the coffee. Sleepily he gets out of bed and the camera follows him to the kitchen where he sensibly makes coffee.

The coffee sponsor's advertisement is not presented as we American radio listeners hear it ("Start the day right with Blank's coffee! So tasty, so luscious, so fresh and invigorating! Always drink Blank's coffee! It's available . . ." and so on). There is very little reference if

any, made to the coffee, but the TV camera picks up the label prominently to be sure the TV audience can see the brand.

The same with the parakeeter, the lady's nightie, which, incidentally, stage a man half-way through his shave and dress him manacled to the TV set, the dog food and the toothpaste the couple use.

And so, with those usual advertisements over, today shows his mastery as a husband, her talent, and breaks into song as he lathers his body (yes, he actually showers).

From the kitchen his co-star sings her part of the duet as she cooks breakfast, while dressed in her nightie.

After the song, they chatter according to the mood of the moment in a normal happy tone, and into the screen flood more visual aids as they talk. There are puns, puns, misunderstandings, more songs and constant love-making to help the programme along.

While the husband grills, she will retire to her dressing-room and through the doorway you'll get fleeting glimpses of her as she dresses and talks with her husband in the bathroom.

Later, he sits down to his breakfast, opens his newspaper and prays it against the paper basin. The camera zooms towards the paper for a close up for fifteen minutes during the "News"—only instead of hearing the news, you take your pick of what you read.

With the news bulletin concluded, the husband and wife team take over again with their gay chatter and songs until the time comes for him to make his dash for the train or bus.

That's the programme. This station approaches the breakfast programme in an entirely original way

in order to get a straight-hold on the early morning ratings. Unlike normal programmes, there's no script for the actor or actress to follow.

There is not a great deal of time for them to rehearse, because there is a different and completely original breakfast routine every day. The technicalities of production, such as where and when they must stand, sit, move, must all come as a natural consequence of their acting experience.

There are many pretty girls who can advertise a commodity mightily to perfection, but there are few who can stand the strain of acting out all the natural events of a husband and wife in the morning from the time they open their eyes to the time when the partner has off to work, as well as displaying the rights and wrongs of the spouse's approval.

The part calls for beauty, talent and brightness, if TV viewers are to be successfully wooed.

All television parts don't call for a combination of these three requirements. Sure it's hard work standing in front of a bunch of TV cameras if you haven't had time to rehearse your part; but in many live-acted programmes rehearsals are thorough. If the part is short, it's no ordeal at all.

But there is no doubt that beauty and talent are essential for girls who wish to be TV stars.

At every opportunity a clever producer will slip into the script a gorgeous girl with a plumping neckline. And if the script normally wouldn't call for either the gorgeous girl or the plumping neckline, he'll create the opportunity. If it won't damage the programme he must give the customers their heads!

Take the advertising of cosmetics.

No self-respecting girl is fully clad when she applies her war-paint—she may dirty her clothes so, with the beautiful girl tastefully dressed in her modern, a beauty expert will demonstrate just how effective cosmetics by "Dish" can be.

The result is that men as well as women are rapt in among the unseen TV audience, and the sponsor and the producer have boosted

their rating to a great extent. For almost all commercial products a beautiful model will demonstrate it before the camera.

One of the highest ratings in American television is the Jackie Gleason show on Gleason, a 6 ft. 10 inch, 3-year-old giant, in America's No. 1 television comic who gets \$1,480 for a working minute from his \$3,111,000 two years contract.

Elizco Letti, as she appears in England's "Beauty Spot"



and who hit the headlines by un-  
wittingly skating star Sonja Henie  
(she dropped in to New York's Club  
52 one night while Glendon was  
skating) and he handed her an  
ice cube with a smooch. "G.E., do  
remember?", has a team of dis-  
tinguished girls who are individual attrac-  
tions in themselves.

Glendon has an angle for glamor  
in his series of half hour shows. In-  
stead of having the cameras focus  
on a propped poster which tells of  
a change in scene, or in the old-  
time vaudeville shows, Glendon has  
a pretty girl come before the cam-  
eras to announce it.

Even for this small and seemingly  
unimportant part, Glendon has  
hand-picked his actresses so as to  
give his shows as much glamor-  
panache as possible.

Such small parts have been the  
trigger which skyrocketed many a  
beauty to stardom.

Brooklyn disc jockey Bob Rogers  
told this story in one of his pro-  
grammes recently as he announc-  
ed a new number sung by Jean  
Webster.

"Jean Webster, a brown-eyed,  
pert-tongued songstress with a thro-  
bbing, emotion-filled delivery, is the  
latest addition to the ranks of  
Philips recording stars.

"An American television pro-  
ducer was pulling on a TV show in  
which the chief character was a  
disc jockey, and was looking for  
a new song that could be put on  
record and sung by an unknown  
star.

"American artist and reporter-  
child, Mitch Miller, was approached  
and he selected a song which had  
melodious music some two years  
ago "Let Me Go Down". Mitch re-  
hearsed it and altered the lyrics,  
and it emerged as "Let Me Go  
Lover." Then he scouted around

for a new voice and finally found  
18-year-old Jean Webster.

"After the number was sung in  
the show, all establishments at the  
station were paraded, and the un-  
known voice and the unknown song  
swept into number one position in  
the National hit parade, and with-  
in a week, this version was number  
one in all American hit parades."

Jean Webster's story of success  
through television is not unique in  
Britain, where TV as a national  
trend and there are no commercial  
stations, producers still seek their  
brides thinking up original ideas  
for better programmes, and one of  
their brain-children was the  
"Beauty Spot".

In essence, this small programme  
is simple. It is designed for women,  
in which a woman of extraordinary  
beauty appears before the cameras  
for one minute, smiles at the un-  
seen audience, and, without saying  
anything, is faded out.

Carers have been made by a  
first appearance in "Beauty Spot",  
notably that of Lady Boyle who  
made her first TV appearance in  
this programme, and now, as Ger-  
trude (Katie) Boyle, is one of  
Britain's leading television person-  
alities.

Night club singers, vaudeville  
comedians, actresses from musical  
comedy, films and the theatre all  
hope for their chance to break into  
high-paying television by being  
chosen to appear in "Beauty Spot".

With such a series as "Beauty  
Spot", producers get plenty of  
beauty for their money, and it's  
then up to the individual beauties  
to show they have the talent, plus  
the mental and physical toughness  
required for the big time when,  
with a glamorous smile they face  
the grunting strains of continual  
close-ups before the television  
cameras.



## His cut eye won him a title

Sugar Ray Robinson lost two fights in startling circumstances.  
But having his eye cut won him a world title.

RAY MITCHELL

SUGAR Ray Robinson was one of  
the most colourful characters  
ever to enter a boxing ring. Strictly  
in the heat of them, he could box with  
the best of them; he had an out-  
standing knockout record, he was  
defeated only three times in over  
150 professional fights. To many he  
was the ultimate of ring perfec-  
tion, he was recognized as the best  
middleweight America has produc-  
ed in two decades. And if he in-

duced in serious circumstances,  
well, he was Sugar Ray Robinson,  
wasn't he? He was entitled to travel  
the world with his own barber, his  
own secretary, his own court pen-  
ner and the rest of the gang of 14.  
He was entitled to race around in  
his meagre Cadillac, with "Sugar  
Ray Robinson, World Middleweight  
Champion" emblazoned across the  
side.

Yes, he was Sugar Ray Roban-

son, the best middleweight of at least two decades. He was a rich man, too—he owned 11 businesses in Harlem. And if he ran out on a few matches without giving a reason, well, what of it? Sure, he was suspended a few times, but the suspensions did not affect the way Sugar Ray Robinson, the big draw, drew. He was unbeatable.

Unbeatable? Not quite.

One of his defeats caused the biggest upset in middleweight history, another defeat caused universal comment — and made boxing writers write another unusual happening in the records of a sport headed with unusual incidents. Sandwiched between those two defeats was another incident which delighted critics and proved once again that Sugar was the greatest of his time. For in that one, he won the fight because he had a bad eye!

We go back to July 30, 1931, for the big upset it happened in London. In the opposite corner was Randolph Turpin, England's hope, who was rated a ten to one chance—against Archie McIntosh. Jack Robinson was promoting it; they said Jack should be arrested for attempted manslaughter. One writer, Peter Wilson—one of England's best—said Randy would last six rounds—if Sugar was present.

Well, Randy lasted longer than six rounds. He lasted 15. What is more, he won it. One of his fans sent Wilson's written prophecy to Peter. It was sandwiched between two pieces of bread. With it was a note: "Eat your words, Peter."

The loss of Robinson's title shocked America. A return was a natural and it took place in New York on September 13 the same year. And it was the first which Sugar won because he had a cut

eye. The cut was wide and deep.

A crowd of 81,370 paid from 30 dollars down for seats for this fight. The gate grossed 703,000 dollars, a record for any fight below the heavyweight division, and ranking fourth on the list of gross gate receipts in all divisions. Pils and Theatre T.V. rights brought the gross to 860,000 dollars.

The fans got their money's worth. They got their third. Robinson showed that his fans in London was all wrong as he took the fight to Turpin from the start. By the end of the fourth round he held a lead on points. But Sugar was not only steady and steady was still strong. The Americans were betting money and the critics were preparing for another win by the Englishman.

But Randy made a mistake in the fourth round: he cut Robinson's eye. It was a bad cut and referee Ruby Goldstein was looking anxiously at that cut as the fighters circled. Ruby looked like stopping the fight in Turpin's favor. Robinson could see it. Sugar cut loose in a do-or-die effort. A crashing right to the jaw set Turpin on the side of his pants. He rose grudgingly and staggered to the ropes.

Like a jungle animal, Robinson was there with him, his gloves splitting dynamite as he poured in punch after punch to Turpin's head and body. Randy was cut on his feet, only his fighting brain kept his head swaying from side to side to dodge the punches. His legs were bowed wide apart, his hands were near his waist. Robinson missed with plenty, but he landed plenty.

With seconds to go, Goldstein stopped the fight and crowned Robinson. The crowd went wild with delight; the critics wrote glowing reports of Sugar's great effort—a

do-or-die sport which paid off and showed once more that Robinson was the greatest middleweight for many years.

Turpin lost his title, but he recovered 267,075 dollars on his return. Robinson got 244,601 dollars and the ovation and acclaim of the fans.

Robinson was near the end of his career, but he was still good enough to beat Carl Glass—just! He was still good enough to knock out Rocky Graziano. But he would not have any part of Australian Dave Beahm.

Sugar knew he did not have long to go, and before he bowed out, he had an ambition to accomplish. He wanted to join Bob Fitzsimmons and Henry Armstrong by winning three world titles. Ray had been water champion, he was middleweight champion. Now he wanted to win the light-heavy crown from the brow of clever Joey Maxim.

He got the match—and he nearly won the title. From the start it was all Robinson. He was so far in front up to the 12th round that he could have sat out the last two and still have enough points on his ledger to win. But it was that night in New York it was June 30, 1933—mid-summer in the northern hemisphere. The pitcher Ruby Goldstein, had collapsed on

the tenth round and had to be replaced by Ray Miller to control the rest of the fight.

In attempting a swing at Maxim, Robinson overbalanced. He fell flat on his face and did not move. The bell rang while he was there and he was carried to his corner. He was in a coma when the bell heralded the start of the 14th round. Maxim won it by a K.O. That was the deal. But the best best Robinson. Sure, the same heart was beating down on Maxim—to such an extent that he lost 12 lb during the fight—but Joey had passed himself better.

So Sugar retired. He made a comeback towards the end of last year, but he was only a shell of the once great fighter.

Robinson will remain high on the list of world middleweights of the past. But those three incidents—the upset, the eye cut which won him back his title, and his collapse when he had another title in his grasp, will keep his name in boxing articles, even at his advanced boxing ability because that is the passing of history.

The fight writers and fans alike advised Ray to leave boxing for ever, because they wanted to remember him as he once was, not as he is now.



public

# THEY SEE WITH THEIR EARS

COLIN MERRILL

Although blind, these people have a sixth sense which is necessary. Now they can develop this sense by use of a machine.



Face swathed in bandages in a test of the blind's sixth sense, the man showed that he was aware of an approaching obstacle.

EVERY afternoon a blind man crosses at Central and travels a few hours at a suburb 17 stations away. He always goes off the track at the correct station, walks unhesitatingly up the steps, along the overhead bridge, down the steps on the other side, along the footpath to the corner, across the road and walks bravely to his home, around three corners. He has no stick to aid him, nor does he have anyone with him.

This man works in the city, as do his blind brothers. None has any difficulty in finding his way.

To people in full possession of their five senses, this is remarkable. We feel that we need all our senses—sight, sound, smell, taste and touch—and doubtless all of us, at times, have shut our eyes and walked a distance, to discover how long we can walk in a straight line, or how we can dodge obstacles. Quite often we have walked into a tree, or called over a bank. Never have we been able to walk more than a few paces in a straight line. Therefore we wonder how the blind can walk with almost—on some cases, as much—freedom as the more fortunate ones who can see.

The reason is that the blind have developed a "sixth sense", a peculiar kind of perception. They become adept at feeling their way around; at avoiding obstacles. The blind say that when they approach an obstacle, they experience a feeling of walking into a spider web. As they near the obstacle, a dread surges through them and they turn instinctively in another direction.

Two Austrian scientists, Pro-

fessor Theodor Ehrenmann and Dr. Ivo Kohler, of the Institute of Experimental Psychology at the University of Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol, have investigated this mystery of blind people's sixth sense, and have conducted experiments with interesting results.

They selected a man unknown to a totally blind volunteer, and placed in it various obstacles. They swathed the blind man's face and neck in bandages, paste, and linoleum, and put strong smelling salts under his nose. The linoleum was for the protection of the face against any possible electrical influences. Thick gloves covered his hands and wrists.

Thus, the subject of the experiment being without sight, unable to touch or smell anything but the smelling salts, and being led into a strange room where there was no noise or draught, the occurrence or not of a sixth blind man's sense could, they thought, be conclusively demonstrated.

The blind man discovered the existence of, and avoided, obstacles without touching them.

It is easy enough for a blind man to detect the presence or proximity of a meter bar or circle by sound or smell. But what about such obstacles as trees, fences, or walls? Such objects cannot be smelt or heard.

The scientists found that such intangible obstacles were readily detected when they led the blind man through the countryside.

Experimenting further, Professor Ehrenmann and Dr. Kohler constructed a robot, which was devoid of every sense but hearing. He had an electrical ear in the shape of a

sensitive microphones which could pick up sounds and transmit them to an amplifier.

The robot was placed in a room into which a little sound was heard by the human ear was being projected. The microphones at the robot reacted at once, as it did also when objects were removed quietly from one point of the room to the other.

These discoveries suggested that some kind of "hears" is always present everywhere, and that while the ordinary slighted human being is not able to hear it, blind people with compensating hearing of greater sensitivity can.

This theory is supported by the

fact that blind people who are deaf in one ear walk with their heads turned in such a manner that the hearing ear is forward.

The blind persons who volunteered for the scientists' experiments did not believe that the seat of their sixth sense was the ears. They maintained that it was the skin. Skin perception, they said.

Professor Ericsson and Dr. Kohler conducted experiments demonstrating that skin perception does not come from exterior irritation, but from within. The nervous system reacts via the ears, in the same way as would that of a sighted person via his or her eyes.

One very practical proof of the

reality of skin perception—via the ears—is that if a blind man walks backwards towards an obstacle, he feels the danger on the back of his head.

Many things can cause blindness—a damaged retina, an injury to an area of the brain, if the fluid in the lens of the eye loses its transparency, blindness may follow.

The optic nerve-fibers for the left side of each eye come from the left side of the brain, while those for the right side of each eye come from the right side of the brain. Some of these fibers cross over before they reach the eye. If both lobes that receive the reports from the eyes are damaged, a person may go blind, even though his eyes are unharmed.

Until comparatively recent times sightless people lived by begging. To society they were outcasts, but the position is vastly different these days. The blind have proved their usefulness in many professions, trades and other activities.

The blind French optician, Louis Braille, born in 1809, invented the system of reading with the fingers which is still used. His invention of tiny marks on sheets of paper which enabled the sensitive fingers of the blind to distinguish words, was the greatest step in the advancement of sightless people.

Helen Keller showed the world that the blind need not be handicapped. Born in Alabama, U.S.A., in 1880, in full possession of her faculties, Helen contracted scarlet fever while young. This left her blind and deaf. Being deaf, she was unable to hear speech, so that she could not learn to speak by the normal method. But tutored from Anne Sullivan taught Helen to read by Braille. Miss Sullivan also

taught her to speak by feeling the lips and throat of people talking. Helen learned to converse with her own lips and throat, the action of normal people. Thus she learned to speak.

Helen Keller learned not only English, but French, German, Latin and Greek—a remarkable accomplishment for anyone so handicapped as she. She learned to "listen" to the radio by means of wires on a board, the vibrations of which she could feel. She had written many books and has lectured in almost every country in the world.

Such a woman was an inspiration to all blind people. She proved to society that the blind could do almost anything a person in full possession of faculties can do. Her example has been followed by others, notably Ronald Courney and Alec Tomblin, the blind pianist.

Archie, Harold Knight, was blinded during World War II, but he did not quit acting. He learned to act all over again and can play any of the roles he played before his affliction.

Blind persons occupy positions as telephone operators, shorthand-typists, clerks and even executives. Their scope is vast. They even play sport—cricket, football, bowls, even golf. Their dark world has been relieved by the light of science with their ears, by the light of understanding and by their perseverance.

Now Dr. Kohler has invented a guide apparatus for the blind. It is shaped like a box and is placed on the chest. It emits a low crackling sound, which reflects from obstacles, thus warning the wearer. Dr. Kohler has incorporated this in a school for the blind at Impebrook. Now every blind person can develop his natural gift of sensitive hearing to the highest degree.



"Helen was the wrench, dear."



Once upon a time when a girl dived a swimsuit she never swam. But, of course, in those days swimsuits were rather cumbersome—and very unattractive, too. Back to work with elastic at the wrists and ankles to keep them in place.

**SWIM**

**SUIT**

**ERAS**

Swimsuit manufacturers began to conserve material. Legs of the costume, for quite awhile, along with the sleeves — until the whole thing was almost one piece — were cut to half-way up the thigh.



Young girls wore them—and attracted much attention on the beach. Demands for more variety of feminine pulchritude led to two-piece suits, bikinis and strapless tops. The boys were pleased, so were the manufacturers—there was saving in material. Strangely, these abbreviated swimsuits cost more to buy than did the old style swimsuit. But then, perhaps you pay for the attention you attract.



# Crime Capsules

## CANNED

In Chicago a hold-up man, dressed in overalls and carrying an oil can, walked into an inn, squirted oil into the bartender's eyes and grabbed 50 dollars from the till. When police caught him later he was canned.

## STUCK UP

Landlady Lou Paul complained in Cleveland, Ohio, coast that after she asked two tenants to leave, they packed glue into a lamp socket rubbed cold cream into the sofa cushions, smeared ketchup blanch on the sofa, glued an ornated throw rug onto the carpet and poured a mixture of syrup, molasses and sugar over the living room rug.

## FOOTING THE BILL

When James Brown stepped out to freedom from a Liverpool, England, goal, he carried three pairs of shoes which he had stolen from inside. Three days later he was arrested and returned to the goal for trying to sell them.

## MATTER OF TASTE

A burglar broke into a restaurant in Revell, England, and stole four dozen cakes. He wrote a letter to the proprietor a few days later. It stated: "Thank you—the cakes were wonderful." But a

burglar who broke into a cafe in Los Angeles and made himself a meal, left this note: "The steak was tough."

## HAIRLESS HARRY

Harry Faise, a Californian bank robber, was very proud of his shining red hair and beard. He refused to change the colour of either, or shave, even though it was pointed out to him that he was an easy mark of identification. He employed a barber to live near him and keep his hair and beard neat, and he imported 200 dollars worth of hair oil. One day, as he slept in his barber's chair, a couple of his men, under the influence of liquor, shaved his face and head, then quickly departed. A few minutes later police came up to the ranch, looking for the red-headed bandit. They saw him, but failed to recognize him. They rode away, thus giving Faise a prompt to rob another day.

## NO HONOUR

"The Echo", a newspaper published by inmates of a Texas prison, complained that a sneak attended the prison's rodeo. It appeared that rodeo clown, all prisoners, passed 18 collection boxes among the audience—and only 10 were back!

# The bandits were gentlemen

They looked and spoke like gentlemen, but they robbed 50 banks and left no sign. Then, after eight years, they became careless.

JAMES HOLLIDGE

CALIFORNIA was plagued by the cleverest gang of bank robbers the country has ever seen. Known as the "Gentlemen Bandits", they struck again and again with ruthless efficiency. They raided with the swiftness of phantoms. They took their loot and disappeared as completely as if they had never been there. They robbed 50 banks, collecting half a million dollars.



They left no fingerprints. No bank employee could pick any of the "Gentleman Bandits" from thousands of roofer gallery pictures. The license numbers on the robbers' cars were false.

But there came a day of reckoning for them. Two of them died before a hall of justice. The third spent a lifetime behind prison bars.

The leader of the trio commenced his crime career as a lone wolf. On November 20, 1897, he strode into a small branch bank in Los Angeles. He was short, alert-looking, well-dressed and approaching 40 in age.

The bank was staffed only by a manager and a girl clerk. The bandit smiled at her. "Have you a bank guard here?" he asked and flashed what looked like a police badge. "Yes, an inspector and would like to talk to him."

The girl escorted him the bank was too small for a guard.

Immediately the man produced a revolver. "This is a hold-up," he announced. "If you believe you won't be hurt."

Coolly helping himself to 1300 dollars the robber walked out as unharmed as he arrived. He entered his car and drove away.

The bank clerk noted the number of the car and told Captain Harry Seeger, head of the Los Angeles Robbery Squad.

Seeger anticipated no difficulty tracing the bank robber. He had a good description, the number of his car and, almost certainly, his fingerprints on the cash drawer.

But there were no fingerprints, even though the girl and the manager were certain the bandit had not worn any gloves. Showers of photographs of known bank robbers were produced for the employer's inspection. Both were cer-

tain their man was not among them.

"He's nothing like any of those people," said the girl, pointing to the trash, showing faces of the typical robsters in the photographs. "He didn't look like a bandit. He looked more like — well, like a gentleman."

The last of the police hopes evaporated when they traced the car number the girl had noted. It belonged to a respectable citizen, who easily proved he had nothing to do with the crime.

Again and again over the next eight years the Painters Bandits made an effort to prevent the taking of their car number.

When thwarted, it was always found useless. The bandits used false number plates. Later it was discovered that they were specially made by the leader in his home workshop.

On February 22, 1905, the white-robe robber struck again. He invaded a bank at Alhambra, a few miles out of Los Angeles, and stole 1,625 dollars.

No fingerprints were left. A false number appeared on the bandit's getaway car. He could not be identified from photographs and was described as nothing like a criminal type.

All through 1902 and 1903 the robberies of the mythical "Gentleman Bandit" continued.

Police scoured the underworld. Nightclubs and hotels in plush resorts were watched continuously. Scores of "Good Time Charlies" observed freely spending money were quietly checked as to the source of their funds.

As a result, several wanted thieves, gamblers and embalmers were caught—but there was no sign of the elusive "Gentleman Bandit."

Early in 1900 the Gentleman Bandit appeared a partner—a identified, well-speaking and suave replica of himself. The robberies stopped.

On July 11, 1903, the Gentleman Bandits appeared early in the morning outside the State Bank in the town of Rosemead. A cleaner was outside, at work on the windows.

"Any chance of getting in?" one of them asked. He flashed a card. "We're bank robbers. We'd like to start our work early, so we can finish and get back to Los Angeles."

The cleaner was co-operative. He opened the door for them.

Once inside, the bandits bound the cleaner and thrust him out of sight behind the counter. Then they took up positions on either side of the door. Each bank employee who entered was grabbed and overpowered. One by one they were added to the pile of bound figures behind the counter.

Only one person escaped the undignified handling. He was the bank manager. He was forced to open the vault. The robbers took 25,000 dollars and departed.

Early on May 8, 1901, the two bandits waited outside the Pasadena National Bank. The first two employees—(a) clerks—arrived and entered. A few moments later they answered a knock on the door by the robbers.

"We're police officers," said one of them, opening the palm of his hand to expose a square of metal that could be a badge. "We've got a tip someone is going to try a hold-up here today. We're going to set a trap for them. Do you mind if we come in?"

The wanted phib did not mind. They opened the door. As in the Rosemead robbery, the employees were bound as they entered.

One of the girls told police that



one bandit had held her bare arm as he escorted her to the rear. "His hand felt funny, like glass," she said. "I'm sure he had something on his fingers. Like nail polish."

Captain Seeger stamped the table emphatically. "That's it," he cried. "That's why they leave no fingerprints. But it's not nail polish. It's collodion."

For four hard years the Gentleman Bandits continued at large. In 1905 they became a trio and the third member was as unlike any criminal in appearance as the others. There was hardly a town in Southern California that was not robbed by them.

But continued success made the bandits careless. On January 21, 1906 they invaded a bank at Elizabet and instead of their subtle entry, one man simply waited outside in a car while the other two walked in, produced guns and set about an ordinary hold-up.

A woman employee dropped a telephone into which she had been speaking. The party of the other end heard the harsh commands of "Hand up!" and guessed what was afoot. He notified the police.

It was a fine day for the Gentleman Bandits. Ordinarily the town's police force only numbered a couple of men. On this day, however, a conference was being held there regarding a police patrol shooting competition. When the alarm was received a score of officers raced out towards the bank. Each was a crack shot.

The two bandits in the bank surrendered immediately. But their partner began blasting with a shotgun. Before he fell dead with a dozen police bullets in him, his wild shooting killed one of the two bandits captured inside. The survivor was the leader, the founder of the gang.

His name was Frank Forrest Smith. The man who had lost his head and started shooting was his younger brother, Clarence. The

bandit he accidentally killed was Ernest Yates.

In a confusion, Frank Smith revealed he himself had been a banker until he was ruined by a financial crash in 1913. He decided to repair his fortunes with a gun.

His brother (a hotel keeper) and Yates (a car dealer) joined him when their businesses were affected by the depression.

All three lived as wealthy retired businessmen in palatial homes in Los Angeles. Their wives and families knew nothing of their criminal activities.

Frank Smith spent all he had in a futile court battle to escape punishment for his crimes. He was broke when he finally went off to San Quentin Penitentiary to begin a life sentence.



## THEY DIED FOR THE LEGION

They fought for the Legion for one halfpenny a day. One Englishman gave the charge of an attack, deliberately dying to do so.

LEO FABIAN

FOR a halfpenny a day, two Englishmen—Reginald Farber and Larry Desmond—went to Morocco with the Foreign Legion in 1913. They were to join the bloody campaign against the RIF guerrilla leader, Abd el Krim, that had already cost Spain and France 20,000 brave men's lives.

Encamped in the impenetrable Atlas Mountains, Abd el Krim,



with his hoards of wild tribesmen that he had welded into an efficient fighting force, was a formidable opponent.

The French were based in a line of Foreign Legion forts that stretched across Morocco from the Algerian border almost to the western coast.

The Rifis played a waiting game—they preferred to remain in their mountain hide-outs and strong-holds and ambush stray scouting parties of Legionnaires.

At Fort Sustain, north of Fez, Forbes and Desmond went into their first patrol, six months after joining the Legion.

Bitter hand-to-hand fighting to the death inside Fort Sustain that night is chronicled in the history of the Foreign Legion as one of the cruelest encounters of the Moroccan War.

Forbes and Desmond were detached to a relief garrison sent to Sustain that summer from the Legion headquarters at Sidi-bel-Abbes, in Algeria. The force numbered 400 men. They marched the 80 miles over mountains, rivers and desert. It took six weeks, and nearly one of the contingent died en route from dysentery, effects of the sun, and exhaustion.

The Foreign Legion kept no record of their deaths, the names and positions of the world which arrived in the Legion in those years were considered just so many fighting pack-animals. They were worth their food and a halfpenny a day only while they remained fit to march and fight.

Fort Sustain was surrounded by a trench, 15 feet wide and 18 feet deep. Barbed-wire entanglements filled the trench. The relief force crossed the trench, which was about 200 yards from the fort by means of a wooden bridge. This

was removed immediately the last man crossed.

After seven months of constant hellish-action, the Germans well-nigh owned the town. They could now start on the 300-mile march back to Sidi-bel-Abbes for a short period of rest.

A few days later Forbes and Desmond received their first baptism of fire. They were in a reconnaissance force which met a detachment of Rifis in a long, narrow mountain dells. Both parties were caught by African Rifis and Legionnaires occurred behind boulders and began sniping at each other.

Neither force dared emerge from cover. A retreat was practicable from rock to rock while in the dells. But eventually there came open country. It was a mistake.

But the Legion force was equipped with a good stock of hand-grenades. As they exploded the Rifis went half-crazy with fear. They dashed out into the open. Accurate rifle-fire took heavy toll.

In the confusion, two Legionnaires raced forward with more grenades. They exploded with killing effect among the remaining Rifis. Legionnaires emerged from their cover and charged with bayonets. The Rifis turned and ran.

The Legion quickly re-formed their ranks and doubled back over the five-mile return journey. They made it safely. They lost only one man in the skirmish, against the enemy's loss of 25 men.

Feeling a night assault as a certainty, the fort commandant ordered the erection of an elaborate arrangement of ropes and alarm-bells through the barbed wire of the outside trench.

The first night the alarm exploded into a wild jangling of bells. The garrison flew to arms. Guns



"They're sending out a searching party . . . where can we hide?"

passed a torrent of fire in the direction of the main.

Finally all was quiet. Investigation revealed a dead man.

When, over succeeding nights, more men got into the trench and set Fort Saska into turmoil, the commandant detached a party of six men and a sergeant to hunt down every male in the district.

The male-factors never returned. A few days later technicians found their seven bodies naked and mutilated in the desert. They had fallen victim themselves to Rifle.

But the Rifle was not satisfied with a mere seven men as vengeance for the rest in the duffle. They had a plan for the invasion of the fort.

Larry Desmond, on the night chosen, was one of four men patrolling along the inside rim of the trench. They did not see the stealthy figures working their way through the trench and its barbed wire.

The Legionnaires were knifed and bludgeoned. Three of them died.

Larry Desmond went down from a succession of stab-wounds and was left for dead—but a spark of life still lingered in him. He regained consciousness later, to find a strong force of Rifle in the fort.

Larry Desmond had to give the alarm to his comrades before they were hatched at as they slept. He had no gun. His voice was but the croak of a dying man.

Then he remembered the bells in the trench. Scrambling forward to the edge, he rang himself straight into the mass of barbed wire.

His body crashed down on a rope fixed to a bell. It started clanging—and it continued its hissing note as the ropes of Larry Desmond

hung face downward across the rope and kept the bell going without interruption.

Noted as they slept, the Legionnaires leaped into the fray. Proper aim was impossible. The Rifle were everywhere. But their white robes made them conspicuous. The Legionnaires clubbed and stabbed and shot at them like madmen. It was a battle to the death.

The small, confined space inside the fort reeked with the smell of sweat and blood and death. Men cursed and yelled with the frenzy of killing. Some cried with the awful compelling urgency to save their lives. It was turning them into wild, mad beasts that snarled with each Rifle body added to the pile of dead.

And slowly the Legion was winning. The Rifle had depended on surprise. In a straight fight they were outnumbered three to one. Their defeat was inevitable.

The Rifle binned out to one small group huddled under the wall. Rifle-fire poured into them, but they fired back like automatons, with no thought of surrender.

When their ammunition gave out, the Rifle engaged the Legionnaires hand to hand. They were skilled swordsmen who had whittled their heavy curved blades since they had first been strong enough to lift them.

But numbers told. Swords were knocked up by bayonets. The battle of Fort Saska ended with the capture alive of the last 13 Rifle.

The noise of the ringing bell still came from the trench. Raymond Forbes rushed out with a dozen officers to see what had happened to his friend. They found Desmond's body still suspended in the wire.

"A brave man," muttered up the

last commandant of the circumcised held at dawn. "He did his duty. He gave the alarm—even in death."

That was all. It was all part of the game of being fighter, and being in the desert.

The dead Legionnaires were buried in graves dug deep in the earth inside the fort and marked with crosses and identification. There were 24 of them.

Meanwhile the 13 Rifle prisoners were kneeling in prayer. "Pray, our God-forsaken brethren!" shouted a Legion officer. "Pray to the living man, for you will never see it again."

The Rifle knew that and heed the end calmly. They were shot and their bodies thrown, with three other dead, into a large camouflaged pit. Altogether 108 men were buried in the rough graves.

Years later, after he had left the Legion and Morocco knew peace again, Raymond Forbes returned to Fort Saska. The building was in ruins, having long been abandoned.

He found the Legion graves, including that of Larry Desmond. They were intact.

A huge stack of white stones attended him. It had been put up by the Rifle in the manner they commemorate their laymen and holy men.

It was built over the pit where the Legionnaires had unconsciously dropped the bodies of the tribesmen who had tried to murder them in their sleep.

A modern fort belonging to the French Foreign Legion.







# TARZAN TRIUMPHS OVER TIME

Tarzan has been in existence in book form and in films for 27 years. He remains one of the best-loved characters in fiction.

Lee Barker, the latest Tarzan.



**B**ARA THE DEER gazed curiously in the jungle clearing, not knowing that Numa the leopard was crouching, ready to spring. But the Ape-man was watching. Whipping his tawny-red hands from its stomach and clamping it between his teeth, the white-skinned man-ape snatched himself at Numa's heading stroke. He back with his powerful legs vice-like against Numa's belly, his left arm like an iron band around its throat, and his knife flashing as he slashed for Numa's heart.

The jungle shook with the fury of battle; Numa's roars of pain, fear, anger and surprise blending with Numa's guttural growls from the ape-man as the combatants revolved around the clearing in a circle toward the death.

It was over. The tall white man threw aside the limp limbs of his enemy as he climbed to his feet. Standing erect he placed one foot on Numa's and threw back his head to emit the stentorian victory cry of the Great Ape. He had won a cry that civilization could not heed, a cry that brought response from every part of the jungle; defiance from the big cats, exultation from the Great Apes, and relief from the greater jungle creatures.

JOHN D. JUKES



Chico, the chimpanzee, is still in the Tarzan films.

For Tarzan, conqueror of the jungle, had again shown his mastery.

Thus in the main, Tarzan, also John Clayton, son of Lord Greystoke, whom author Edgar Rice Burrows created 20 years ago, and immortalized in fiction. Tarzan, who joins with Aragorn, Robin Hood, Captain Blood and the Count of Monte Cristo with his undimmed popularity since his creation: Tarzan, King of the Great Apes.

Following the publication of the first "Tarzan" book, Hollywood was not slow to realize the gold mine in such a character part. The first screen Tarzan was barrel-chested, six-foot Elmo Lincoln, then nearly forty years of age, but tapering asthetically in physique—a fine

specimen, ideal for the jungle hero.

The studio built a "jungle" in the capital with specially chosen tropical plants and trees, and an artificial lake with a never flowing lake of honey wild grape vines hung from high branches, and it was on film that the first Tarzan of the screen, and the five successors to Lincoln and their respective "James", swung from tree to tree.

Following that film in 1918, thirty Tarzan films have been made. Johnny Weissmuller, once Olympic swimming champion, Buster Crabbe, Herman Brin, and Glenn Morris, also an Olympic champion, all have played the lead. The latest Tarzan is Lee Barker who has already been featured in six

The newly-rich woman was trying to make an impression. "I don't buy diamonds with diamonds, my darling; with wine, my darling; with beauty and my apparatus with fresh cream. Her beaded necklace looked at her and purred "My dear," she said, "I don't clean mine. When they got dirty, I just throw them away."

Tarzan films, and he has a contract to make a total of twelve under producer Ed Lewis.

Barber, now in his early thirties, has always had a great love for the theatre, with aspirations beyond the Tarzan role. He studied dramatic art in two Broadway productions and Hollywood caught up with him. He speaks French, Spanish and Italian fluently, and has never desired to become a professional athlete, despite his excellent physique.

Edgar Rice Burroughs could not have asked for a better man to portray his Tarzan, for Lex Barker looks the type: like an English nobleman who could have been reared in the jungle. The Tarzan of the book was a cultured Englishman; Hollywood's Tarzan is completely without polish.

According to Burroughs, John Clayton was born in a swath bog but on the coast of West Africa, following the marrying of his parents by missionaries. While still a baby, John Clayton's parents were killed during a raid by a tribe of An-

thropoid Apes led by the Baron Kerchak, and John was adopted by Kala, the she-ape who lost her own baby in the raid.

For twenty years, John was brought up by Kala. He was named Tarzan, meaning "White Man", and was accepted by the other members of the tribe because of Kala's strong protection.

But as he grew older, Tarzan picked up and lost of Kala's belt, and an ape came to help her. His muscles were plying contact with the ape, but he had the advantage of lightning speed and a nimble brain, and soon he found he could best them at hunting or in battle.

He was loved by the most creatures of the jungle, from the Sabra, Ross the Deer, and, above all, by Tantor the Elephant; he was hated by the others whom he had conquered in the struggle of survival.

At the age when his human instincts were entering school, Tarzan could swing through the trees like some the Monkey, and could stalk a fox such as Dango the Hyena. He lived on the food which he himself had killed.

His favorite playground was the hat on the beach, and in it he found many treasures, the knife which became his main weapon, the pretty gold locket which he wore around his neck, not knowing that it contained pictures of his mother and father. There was the shifty signalist set down which he taught himself to read and to print, and there were dozens of other books which opened fascinating realms for his imagination.

But Tarzan's life was that of the Great Ape, and he had to fight if he were to live. One by one he overcame the bulls of the tribe, and finally the hatred of Kerchak

forced him into battle to the death. With Kerchak killed, Tarzan became King of the Great Ape.

When Jane Porter was shipwrecked on the African Coast, Tarzan's life entered a new era. He wooed the various members of her party, fell in love with Jane.

When a rescue ship came for Jane and her friends, Tarzan stayed.

Later, when he rescued Lieutenant Paul d'Arnet, he agreed to accompany the Frenchman to civilization.

It was d'Arnet who taught Tarzan the habits and speech of civilized man. He took him to Paris, and with evidence that he had collected from the hat on the beach, proved that Tarzan was John Clayton, the son of Lord Greystoke, and that he was the possessor of estates in England and Africa.

With his true identity established, and then a rich man, Tarzan went to America where he found Jane. He was not to marry Jane then, there were many more adventures to store for him, both before and after they were married. As a lone adventurer he roamed Africa in search of excitement. Sometimes he operated as the spy-man, and sometimes as an English nobleman, although he never overcame his preference for raw meat and bear cooked.

So the stage was set for Tarzan as he was walled through adventure after adventure by the pen of Edgar Rice Burroughs. And with every book that was published, Hollywood wrote film scripts around the romantic figure of Tarzan and his unforgettable exploits. For the sake of brevity and clarity in child audiences' minds, the producers ignored the fact that Tarzan is also a cultured Englishman.

It was the former Olympic swimming champion Johnny Weissmuller

who made Tarzan popular in Europe, America and Australasia in a series of twelve films over a ten-year period.

With the expiry of his contract, plus the fact that he was becoming fat, Weissmuller was replaced by Lex Barker, but it was Weissmuller's Tarzan who popularized other characters in the ape-man's tradition. With Weissmuller the world met Chita, the almost-human Chimpanzee; Maurice Chevalier was Jane in many pictures.

Despite approaching old age, Chita still helps to draw the box-office crowds, and adds to her status as one of the screen's highest paid stars, earning several hundred dollars per week.

With the coming of Lex Barker to take Weissmuller's place, Brenda Joyce "inherited" the role of Jane, but she has not been replaced by Joyce MacKenzie, and in the latest Tarzan film, by lovely Virginia Huston.

As the limit Jane, Virginia has broken the tradition set by her predecessor for the first time, Jane as portrayed by Virginia, wears a provocative two-piece costume. The notes of Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Herman Mira, Glenn Morris right back to Elmo Lincoln, were one-piece (swimsuit) garments. Virginia also marks the first time that the jungle lord's mate has been adorned by handfuls of gold and precious stones.

So, with Lex Barker carrying on the tradition set by Elmo Lincoln, Hollywood continues in continuity on the thirty-seven-year-old ape-man series, delighting the world of children with a Tarzan film every year. And from box office figures in the past, it is easy to see that Tarzan is immortal, and is likely to defy time and remain the longest-loved screen series.

# Big Gun



Susan Altman has something in her mind. "How big was, conventionally they used to fire out of these things? I want find out." Right. "I blow up some balloons to different sizes. Ah, she did 'em perfectly."

# for Susan



more and they have these  
condensed? asked Susan. Like  
that? Please! No, they  
get too hot. Susan is not a  
big eater but her job will be



Book of Mystery

#### PROPORTION

The Antarctic regions frequently become enveloped in a peculiar milky-white fog that has caused explorers to lose their sense of distance and proportion to such an extent that a small matchbox, lying only a few feet in front of them in the snow, looks like a horn or a milk can.

#### GLITTER

Diamonds are so individual that no two can be expected to react alike to radiation. For example, under X-rays and ultraviolet light, their fluorescence ranges from a faint to a brilliant intensity and may be in any one of various shades of blue, green, orange or yellow. Heat also causes different reactions in these precious stones. There are two—one coloring and one pink—in which heat produces an opposite effect, the colorless one turning and remaining pink and the pink one becoming and remaining colorless so long as they are kept at a certain temperature.

#### MURPHY

In the poor days of Ireland,

many families were forced to live exclusively on potatoes. As a result the monotony of the diet produced a peculiar custom among these people. They would pretend to add flavor to each mouthful by painting their forks at a table on the table which contained a little salt, a piece of cheese or a preserved bit of meat, kept for the purpose.

#### HEAD HUNTING

This advertisement appeared in The Times: "American Shrunken Head, very good specimen, 250 dollars." It brought an outraged reply from a Kerr reader, C. J. Kestrough. He wrote: "First, besides offering a rather gruesome object, is also a strong reminder of how prices have risen. I had and earned my living in Peru for some years around 1910, when I was in my early twenties. At that time the standard price for the head of an Indian was one pound, while the head of a white man, seen much less frequently, brought five pounds. The price asked now in the advertisement would appear to be, therefore, 500 times what it used to be in the early years of the century."

# You don't only



# shoot 'roos

Just because you are hunting kangaroos, it doesn't

not stop you using your gun on other targets.

JEFF CARTER • FICTION

THE flickering captive cast long, dancing shadows in the gnarled branches of the river-gums. On the other side of the fire, the maping, abandoned steamer shed was outlined in the uncertain golden light. The two men sat in silence, staring at the dancing flames.

"Mind you," Ralph said at last. "You don't usually strike 'roos on your first day out, even in good country. What we want to do tomorrow is work down the riverbed and see if we can find a water-hole. Then we can just sit on it till sundown and wait for 'em to come to us."

Harry muttered assent. "Won't need such an early start either," Ralph said. "We can rest up until about noon. We'll probably be a bit stiff in the morning, after all the tramping we did today." He poked at the fire with a long, dry stick. "I'll tell you another thing, too . . ."

Harry stopped breathing about then, focusing his attention on two points of light moving in the distance between the trees. Now that's funny, Harry mused. A car could be heard clearly in the clear bank night. Ralph passed to his magazine and peered out beyond the circle of firelight. "Say, hear come a 'oo?"

That's what I like about Ralph, Harry thought. He's always in there

peering. There's nothing sneaky or sly about Ralph—always right out in the open.

"Looks like he's coming our way," Ralph said. "He must've seen our fire." He was on his feet now. "I wonder what the hell he wants up here!"

Harry pulled his tobacco pouch from his jacket and began making a cigarette. A late model grey sedan rolled under the trees and stopped close to Harry's own car. The engine of the newly arrived vehicle died and the lights faded. There was a silence of more than a minute and no one emerged from the car.

Ralph took a few steps toward the edge of the firelight and called: "Hallo there! What place are you looking for?"

The door of the sedan opened and a man climbed out and walked toward the captive.

"Evevin!" the man said. "I must've taken a wrong turn somewhere. What place is this?" He wore dark grey trousers and a striped shirt with a Windsor collar and stinking sleeve bands above his elbows. The hard lines of his face were furrowed slightly in a grin.

"Well right here ain't my place," Ralph said. "Nearest town is Harwood and that's about forty miles back along the Wagga road."

"By cripes I made a real bloo somewhere," the man said. He glanced at the two rifles leaning against a log in front of the steamer

ing shed. "You fellows don't a bit of shooting?"

"Well, not so far," Ralph said. "We only arrived yesterday and we haven't gotten a 'two yet." He pointed to the five "two down" We're just about to put the belly on for a goodnight supper."

"Thanks," the man said. He sat down carefully on a box, glancing at Harry. "Name's Jim, by the way. Jim Lewis."

"Pleased to know you, Jim," Ralph said, smiling. He introduced Harry.

Later, as they drank tea from enamel mugs and smoked, Harry thought: I don't like the look of this fella. He looks more like a professional than Jack than a travelling salesman. Besides, travelling salesmen don't get lost. They can smell a 'Commersal' hotel a hundred miles off.

Harry almost groaned aloud when Ralph invited the stranger to try the night, but when he finally wriggled into the sleeping bag, his corner of the sleeping shed, his sleep overtook him rapidly and he spent little time in breathing.

\* \* \*

Harry woke early, as usual, and after a quick wash under the tap from the tank at the end of the shed, set about building up the fire for breakfast. He stirred up the still hot coals and then covered them with dry leaves, small twigs and short lengths of tallow branches.

He glanced at his watch. It was almost eight o'clock. He strolled across to his car, opened the door, and slid onto the front seat and switched on the radio. He had time to roll a cigarette before the news came on.

"Reception was good, and the

announcer's voice was clear above the very slight noise. "Police are still searching for an armed bandit who featured in a daring but unsuccessful effort to rob the Farmers and Settlers' Mutual Bank in Coonambie yesterday."

"All roads within a 100 mile radius of the town have been blocked while the biggest search in the history of the Western Divisional Police have warned that the man is a desperate gunman who will not hesitate to shoot. Two bank tellers were shot during the robbery. One man died last night in the Coonambie hospital. Doctors are fighting to save the life of the other man. Police are searching for a grey sedan car."

Harry noted that his cigarette had gone out. He was conscious of a tightening of his stomach muscles. He finished the two matches as he did, he noticed for the first time the man looking in the doorway of the car. Harry saw the pencil in the man's hand pointed straight at his shed, then he looked up into the shed, grey eyes that were boring into him.

"All right, you get out, smart fella," the man said.

Harry got out.

"Now, quick smash back to the shed." The voice was tight and urgent. Harry obeyed with assumed nonchalance, lighting his cigarette as he walked. When they stopped in front of the shed, the man said: "You wake her up," indicating the disappearance of Ralph.

Harry shook Ralph. "Hey! Wake up! It's another day." The man wrenched in his sleeping bag, muttering a protest. Then he sat up and took in the spectacle before him.

"Hey, is this a hold-up?" Ralph

and started rapidly at the gun. Good old Ralph. Harry thought. That'll put our guest on the defensive. That'll give him something to think about. Oh, hell.

"Don't try to get up," the man said. "Now you, Harry, beg, or whatever your name is. You sit a duffel of them wires humped up there on the wall and see this boy up good."

Harry walked across to the wall of the shed and took down a bundle of 8-gauge wires about two feet long that had been cut to that length for some purpose by some long-gone-departed deerstalker. He threaded two through the opening of the sleeping bag light over the man's shoulder.

"All right," the gunman said. "That's good enough."

He prodded Harry across to the front of the shed where the rifle was standing against the wall. "Which of them is the most powerful?"

"Mine," Harry said. "That one" He pointed to his M/303 conviction.

The man picked up the rifle and did the safety catch to OFF. "It's locked."

"See," Harry's throat was suddenly dry.

The man lugged the rifle against his side and fired three quick shots at the wall of the shed, only three feet from the window. The man glanced at the splintered wood. "That'll do me," he said. "These slugs have gone into'n half way through those logs. Imagine what they'd do to coppers?"

He removed the bolt of the other weapon and slid it into his bag pocket. "Get me some ammo for the belly," he said, putting Harry's M/303 and leaving it against the wall. He followed Harry into the shed while he peered up a box of fifty cartridges.

"Choose them," the man said. Harry headed them over, then allowed himself to be prodded aside. "You pack your gun up by the end of the barrel and carry it over to your car for me," the man said.

"Yeah, your car. Mine's kinda stationary."

Harry walked slowly ahead, holding the rifle gingerly close to the forelight. He stood close to the rear door of the car while the gunman placed the box of cartridges on



he heaved "Open the back door and drop that rifle on on the seat." The man waved the pistol. Harry's left hand grasped the door handle and twisted it down.

He tore it open violently, so that it formed a shield between himself and the gunman. He spun on his feet and leaped around behind the car. When he was running desperately for the cover of the trees, gripping the rifle in his right hand. Something tore at his sleeve and focused on ahead of him an instant before the report of the pistol sounded.

He dodged behind a gnarled, tree trunk, turned and swung the rifle up to cover the car. The gunman was lying half across the hearse, aiming the pistol. Harry squeezed off a shot and ducked behind cover as the pistol fired again.

Back slipped off the tree and showered on the ground beside him. He pressed himself close to the trunk. It's just like school kids and cops and soldiers, he thought. But in this game you have to have real bullets and I've only got one left. Well, why did I throw that first one away? It sounded like it blew half my front fender away.

He glanced quickly out from the cover of the tree. The gunman was running into the shooting shed. Harry jerked on the rifle, but the man had disappeared. The shed was about seventy-five yards away and Harry set the sights for that range while he waited for some sign of the gunman.

Something white fluttered in the window of the shed. It was a piece of rag, probably a handkerchief, tied to the end of a stick. Harry could hear the man shouting "Hey! Can you hear me? I'm coming plug the hole if you don't come out in the open and drop that gun!"

There was a pause. "Come on out now, quick-eyes. You can't get me through these walls with that top, anyway. We both know that."

That has got to be quick, Harry thought. That rag is an ace of those bits of wire, I bet. Now, they were about two feet long, and if he's holding it out at arm's length, he must be standing behind the wall just there. He sighted the rifle steadily on the planked wall of the shooting shed. Slowly, his index finger squeezed the trigger back.

The whining roar of the shot split the silence of the bush. The waving white rag disappeared abruptly from the window.

Harry dodged around the tree and ran toward the shed. When he was still twenty-five yards off, he became aware of Ralph shouting "You got him, Harry. Come on. It's okay. You got him!"

The gunman was dead when Harry entered the shed. The bullet had caught him in the chest just above his heart.

"Hey, what a lucky fluke that bullet coming through the wall like that," Ralph said while Harry worked on the wires that hold him in the sleeping bag.

"It was no fluke," Harry said. "Not."

"No. When he tried the gun out at close range on the wall, the bullets almost went through. Most bullets have a much greater impact at twenty-five yards or more than they do at the muzzle. So I knew it'd go through all right at that range. The only chance he was figuring out where he was standing."

"Hey, you're a real cool one, Harry," Ralph said.

"You're wrong, for once, Harry thought as he worked on the wiring.

# CARTOON CAVALCADE





"Looks like the habited man has called it a day!"



"... and this one makes you up to snuff."

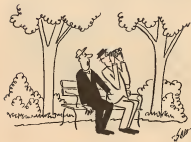


"I told her she was a no good lassy! In a nice way, of course."





"Oh, they've got the dictionary out. It's going to be out of these parties."



"I've introduced thousands to bird-watching. Never one of 'em."



The Tugh, a log drum, makes plenty of noise when struck with wooden mallet.

## Adventure in the silence

Jungle Wireless is generally regarded by the white man as *malgré lui*. This article, explains how matters do sometimes in the jungle.

SEVEN miles up in the Wa Wu River, in New Guinea, with Australian troops up-boat forming the airborne part of a giant cable-stay span to close on the Japanese at Lae, we were camped.

Supplies were being dropped from harvest-bombers, which was an incentive to having a quick ear for aircraft identification . . . "Near"

meant food and comforts; "there!" meant another swarm of tomcats.

It was late in the afternoon, the sounds of an all-there fight were faded up to us on the breeze, and out of the sun came two planes, diving down towards the area known as Watson's Point. They were Japs, and, as they were a long way off and dropped down behind the wall of jungle timber fringing our camp, they did not look dangerous, but a few seconds

E. J. SHERIDAN

later we saw them lifting steadily, and the heavy thud that sounded like a direct hit came to us through the air.

We could not see what was going on; but, as we conjectured, some of the French came into their talk. One of our men asked if they had any guesses to offer.

"Not yet," replied one of them, "but by and by you will be come up."

Within minutes talk "came up." A youth who had the reputation of being the fastest runner in the Wu Wu clan, the Mawa, ran in to Baderman, where we were camped. He brought the news that there had been lots of ships all the morning and there were still lots more coming now.

"Sounds like a jump up to Lae," interrupted the signaler, who had always boasted of knowing the real story. "But what ship was hit?"

"A large! That proves the Lee blue is on!"

"Ship?" queried the youth. "No only half ship."

"Well, which half was missing—front or back?" we asked.

"Ship be no got half along top."

The nerve-bringer had come to us, and, between air interceptions, we got a story of 19th-century armads moving up-coast across Hercules Bay, and the news that Japanese planes had plied the cover-sheets and bombed a barge.

No, the boat did not sink, added our dark messengers, but, with the help of other craft, it managed to go on with the "walkabout"—a native term which applied to Kiy-Chang that proved, be it army, aeroplane, or warship.

Confirmation eventually came down to us from Morobe. A barge had been hit and it drifted into the harbour to land the dead for temporary burial.

We left the Morobe part of our signals and in its own story of the war, got to work tracing down the way in which "the gun" had been passed up to us by the Mawa youth.

"Certo Cito" is the signals motto meaning swift and sure, but here in the jungle was something that compared with our own methods of gathering news. Mags proved that only a winding river-path and miles of swamp lay between us and the coast. There was no chance of our Messenger taking a short cut; the unapproachable terrain was the main reason the Mipras had disappointed that area after being nudged out of Douglas Harbour and the Kuman River.

Eventually we learned the secret from the Mawas Tree village chiefs, Jago and Soraga, explained that, providing the surf was not pounding too heavily on the sand-bar bridging the mouth of the Wu Wu, a call could be heard as far as the little hamlet used by the canoe-makers. Here the sharp-eyed people could listen to the slowly reached method as it floated up to them. To Mal-yama, the home of the fishermen, the talk would pass along easily. From Mal-yama to Obengawa was a slightly longer distance, and the many heads of the Wu Wu River state much strength in the call.

To make sure of the message getting a good start, the Mal-yama people often launched a canoe and paddled to midstream before calling. At Obengawa, the message floated into the village as soon as many nights having slid past into the forests or been made across a good passage getting into the river. From here there were only a few *Sia Sia* man-overalls to muffle the sound, so the talk called



The general is guarded by a stick being rammed end-on to the top part of the wooden canopy.

out from the level bank near the canoe, someone would go on its final walkabout right into the main Wu Wu village of Porpoisat.

Here the messages were usually kept for later distribution to the families concerned. On the day of the bombing some women prisoners still farther up towards us on the hill had been able to relay the talk down to a youth swimming fish in a shallow part of the Wu Wu. This was the youngster who came to us at Baderman with the news from the battle-front.

The Mawa showed they could talk in our presence to people well within their best hearing. But at the same distance we had to shout (then cup our hands to our ears to receive an answer).

This was why the Mawas had managed to hold out in a few little

pieces of dry land by the side of their river and defy the attempts by the thousands of Wawa clansmen to shift them.

Although the Mawas probably have the best hearing in all Papua and New Guinea, the act of static message-passing is not restricted to them alone.

From the Sepik to the Dutch New Guinea territory there are clans who send messages by whistling. It is rapid and the accents are definitely rhythmic. Also, it can send detailed information far beyond a distance that could be reached by shouting.

Toedling is a common feature with many along people who dwell in mountainous and this is done also for signalling purposes.

Kokoda Trail dwellers, the Kolarians, have two styles of yodelling when a lawlander is talking to a highlander who may be perched on a ledge a thousand feet above him. The lawlander yodels very slowly so that his voice won't be

directed by the mountain-walls reflecting the sounds into plain musical oscillations. The one on the mountain-top can pedal at top speed, for he is free of the sound-retroting cliff-walls.

It has been reported from out-back Papua that a clan on these wild parts has the ability to sing louder when a long way off as they move towards their victims they drop their voices gradually in order to give the impression that the hunters have gone the other way.

Apart from the vocal aids of island message-sending, there are scores of musical instruments and soundmakers that also could have been responsible for putting jaurahats on to the track of Jungle Wireless.

Take the case of the Beating clan of New Britain. They hit the back of their stone axes against the franks of trees. They also use small globe-shaped whistles that can imitate bird-calls and so be used by scouts going through enemy lines.

An old Red Indian trick—putting an ear to the ground—is also used by the islanders to great effect in areas where earth-covered caves cause subterranean echoes when messages are carried in their approach.

Sound travelling over water helps the straggling of the Markham River people behind Lae. The Chivving fishermen tap paddles on the side of their craft and rattle out the news that they are going out to the Lae market and, if pardoned, are interested, to please bring their produce to the landing-stage.

Old Man Markham is a river of many mouths and can turn on a dead even when the villagers have had a hot day, with not a cloud

above them. This trick of Nature is usually cooked up on any one of the flanking mountain-ridges or headwaters that contribute half a dozen stretchy rivers of their own by local cloudbursts that wash down mountain-faces to swell the Markham from a stream that divides up into seven channels at low tide near Oaga, to a broadsheet that can be a mile wide at the same point, and tapers down the 14-foot-tall Kamal grass and broad-high bush thicket to look as if a devil's scrub-brush had gone over the valley.

Local rain brings no worry to the Upper Markham folk; but when they see stormclouds gathering behind the mountain village of Wampup, they sound a pot-megaphone, a trumpet-like instrument. This tells all in the district that a flood is imminent.

King of all message-senders is the log drum, or *goravat*. This comes in many shapes and sizes throughout most parts of the New Guinea mainland and islands. Strangely, it is almost unknown in Papua.

Basically, it is a log drum hollowed out by fire and sounded by a stick being rammed end-on to the top part of the wooden casing. Usually it is played singly for message-sending; but, as it has evolved into part of the rattling-making for dances, the *goravat* is made into a jungle orchestra preparation, like the Tutch on in Manus Island.

Here, six log drums, graded in size, differ from the usual run of the *goravat* in that two hardwood mallets are used to hit the logs in xylophone fashion, and when this combination is in full blast the volume and machine-like precision is terrific.

In New Britain, the *Kassara* clan long have had relay stations of *goravats*, which, in some cases can still pass messages from one side of the island to the other. The hill-dwellers of the *Kassara* include in *goravat* gossip on calm nights, and use of the finest apparatus to be gained in the islands is to stay up late and hear the drums from half a dozen villages chattering out a rhythm that is something similar to the intonations of human speech carried out in one patch.

Probably no white man ever has been able to read the *goravat* messages, except the few officers of the old days, who were that the *goravat* tapped off the natives that

they were on the way. Tap-gathering has been abolished and the *goravat* players have settled down to sounding out the usual stock-in-trade signals, from calling in people to giving out running commentaries of everyday events.

These examples of New Guinea Jungle Wireless are all based on some practical foundation. Of course, there are lots of tales about mystery messages winging along of their own accord to give the latest information, but they have not been verified.

However, Jungle Wireless has shown that we haven't made much headway into the toughest stronghold still denying the entrance of the white man—the jungle.



"It's such a nice fighter I hate to leave it at home."

# CAVALCADE

W. WATSON SHARP



## A BRICK AND TIMBER HOME

THE blending of building materials is not new. The selection of materials for home building is governed by economics, those materials most readily available at the place of building — and as a consequence the cheapest and most easily worked by the local labour—generally being used. In the same way, economics as well as aesthetics, usually enter into the picture when materials are blended, or mixed.

CAVALCADE offers this month a house which com-

bines a brick or stone lower floor, with the superstructure of timber frame. And this traditional idea can be adapted quite harmoniously to a plan and layout that is contemporary in conception.

The ground floor accommodates a living room, dining room, kitchen and laundry, and is a simple rectangle lying from front to back on the block of land. The upper floor is placed across it, overhanging at each side to provide a sheltered entrance porch and a carport

## HOME OF THE MONTH

# No. 18



UPPER FLOOR PLAN

The roof over the living room becomes a deck, approached from the upper hall. Portion of this deck could be used later to provide a third bedroom.

With a suitable block of land this type of plan lends itself to imaginative garden planning or landscaping. For this reason the living room has large windows looking out on to the garden area. These could be taken right to the floor if desired.

There is a built-in fire — gas or electric — with bookshelves on one side, a cabinet on the other.

The dining area is raised two steps above the living room, with a cabinet incorporating indoor planting as a room divider. Service from the well-equipped kitchen is direct into the dining room.

Kitchen fittings are arranged in the popular U shape, which is a very workable layout.

Rear entry is through the laundry, or a separate porch could be provided.

Each of the two bedrooms has a built-in wardrobe, the smaller having a dressing table attached. The centrally sited bathroom is complete with separate shower recess. There is also a wavy linen cupboard.

The overall area of this house is 1350 square feet and the minimum frontage required to accommodate it is 50 feet.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

# Token from Tokyo

ERIL PITAJA • FICTION

When the Japs freed Alon Kana from their torture hole,  
they headed him the way for a death house at home.

THE small forget-eyed man across the table eyed Alon Kana's frown features and blinking eyes apprehensively as he downed his drink.

"Ain't much more to tell, Al." He put on a look of heavy sympathy. "Looks like your old partner Lacey took it for granted the Japs got you. So—he declared himself full owner of the Dewsey Street Garage! And you sitting in a Jap prison camp Dugouting!"

Lambie Cain spit on the floor to show how disgusted he was.

Alon sat very still. Subconsciously he watched Cain crush out his cigarette until it burnt to paper, but still kept on smoking. It was cold and inefficient, like Lambie himself.

Cain's quick, nervous chatter continued. "Well, Al, nobody here knew you was a Jap prisoner. We all figured you got yours. And you not having a family nor nothing, not having a family nor nothing, Lacey thought—well, you got it."

Alon's begotten features moved over the familiar contours of Jerry's Bar. The long mirror. The neat row of messy-shaped bottles.

The juke box in the far corner.

He had remembered all this, and millions of other things, sweating in that Nip barb-wire corral. Kiting with no self-respecting boy would touch. Remember himself standing for countless brands of German hell because they thought he had information.

Waiting. Dreaming of the garage, the next little business he had worked ten years for, before the war. Lacey, flush with a sudden windfall, begged to come in on it, so he had let him.

Suddenly, by some accident, he was traded out. The Japs figured he was good as dead, anyway.

Down to skin and bone. Tortured until his brains were a little curdled.

"They figured wrong—damn their filthy Nides!"

He was okay. Swell. Good as new. Except when he got too worked up about anything. That and the sight of blood.

The door had kept him in San Francisco a week. Then he hooked a ride down to Los Angeles, eager



to get back to his garage

And now he found out  
Burl Lockey, his partner, took  
over the whole chance for himself  
Why, with the money Lockey owed  
him, his share of the business  
succeeded to him then and there!

Then he saw Cam staring at him,  
with a peculiar twisted smile on  
his wrinkled face  
"You look plenty fresh, Cam," he  
said "When I tell you were whin-  
gling around for a job, New York  
sporting land talked state. Now  
come!"

Cam grinned "Oh, I got earlier."  
"Yeah! John Barron and his car-  
malherger!"

"Now! I'm a car dealer now  
Wholesale! And I got my eye on  
Lockey's garage, so don't worry  
about him! He's up to his ears in  
IOU's, and I hold most of 'em! You  
know what a spender Lockey  
always was. Why, he won't own  
the Downey Street Garage after—"

Also saw red. He snatched hold of  
Cam's silk collar and roared:

"Listen to me, Cam! You keep  
your fishhooks off that garage. It  
belongs to me, get it!"

"Sure, Al!"

"Where's Lockey now?"

"Why—at the garage, figuring  
how to keep it! I gave him 'til to-  
morrow to—"

"Listen! I'll be the one to settle  
with you tomorrow, Cam! As for  
Lockey, I'm going over there right  
now and give him what he's had  
coming a long time!"

Alen could barely see the sign  
over the garage.

Burl Lockey, Proprietor. Alen's  
eyes had been pointed out.

He strode gruffly up to the heavy  
sliding door. It wasn't locked. He  
started working it open.

"What'd you think you're doing?"  
a clear voice rang out.

Alen whirled. The sudden flare  
of a flashlight made him blink.

"Why, it's My Kane!" Cop Pat  
Keegan was slipping his back  
pistol "Glad to see you, boy!  
Come to see Lockey, did you? He's  
in there, all right!"

Alen entered. He could hear  
Keegan going down the block,  
whistling.

A dim light glowed in the tiny  
back office. Alen started for the  
office. He was halfway across when  
a sharp sound echoed in the glass.  
He ran toward the office door,  
he dashed at the door posts, kick-  
ing the door full open.

Spawled over the familiar bat-  
tered desk was his partner, Burl  
Lockey. Blood ran down the sloping  
top.

And writ in front of Alen, at  
his feet lay a revolver he recog-  
nized immediately as his.

The sight of blood. His hands  
began shaking violently. He started  
to whinger like a lost puppy. A  
thousand remembered horrors leaped  
to his tortured mind.

He couldn't even hear Keegan  
shouting and tugging back the bag  
front door. The vivid horrors filled  
every corner of his brain.

Stumbling forward blindly, he  
brashed past the grotesquely angled  
corpus, and fled out of the open  
back door into the alley. The spite  
thought that possessed him was, "I  
must get away! I must get away!"

It was almost dawn when he  
crept stealthily up to his shabby  
little Miss Street room.

Without switching the dangling  
light on, he hung himself down on  
his unmade bed, and pressed his  
fevered face deep into the pillow.

"If he could only forget! Forget!  
Business sleep come to him, at  
last! But it was only a shallow  
Nocturne! It couldn't give him sen-

sation. It was hideous with night-  
mare.

Red yellow faces squatted around  
him in the haunting dark.

Claws poked him to his feet. He  
was pushed protestantly down long  
black corridors.

"No! Don't!"

His own screams awakened him,  
and he found himself being hauled  
to his feet.

"Wake up, Kane!"

Somebody shook him.

Finally he was able to force his  
eyes open. He stared around him,  
at the two policemen holding him  
leg-locked, him toward the door.

"What's—?"

"We're arresting you, Kane! For  
the murder of Burl Lockey!"

Alen blinked at the circle of guns  
that surrounded his chair. He  
snapped the chain across until his  
kneecaps went white.

"But I told you—I didn't do it!"

The captain shoved a gun in his  
face "This yours?"

Alen looked his dry lips. "Yes.  
Somebody must have swapped it out  
of my room."

"You were hauled in four years  
ago for driving without a license,  
weren't you, Kane?"

Alen squinted a quivering head  
over his wet forehead wearily. "I  
guess so."

"That means we got your finger-  
prints on it. And our expert has  
matched up those fingerprints with  
the ones on this gun!"

Alen heard him through a heavy  
fog. There seemed to be something  
he ought to remember, but the  
fog was too much.

"And Keegan here saw you to in  
the garage just before the shot was  
fired."

Alen's dead eyes saw Officer  
Keegan standing by him, touching  
his arm. His lined face was the  
picture of misery.

"Yes, Captain Williams, I saw  
him. And I'm sorry I lived to see  
the day. Why, I've known young  
Kane for years, and a finer boy  
you never saw!" He squeezed Alen's  
arm.

Alen blinked dully into Keegan's  
emotional face. He shut his eyes  
suddenly.

"No! I didn't kill him! I didn't!"

Then the door at the far end of  
the room opened. Footsteps clicked  
along the slick floor, up to him.

"Hello, Al!"

Alen's eyes rounded a trifle.

"Cam!"

"Yeah, Al. I heard about you, so  
I come over to the station. I  
thought maybe I could help."

"Who you kidding?" growled  
Captain Williams disgustedly. "I  
had my boys drag you in as a  
witness."

Cam snuffed wearily.

"You're Lambert Cam?"

"They call me Lamby."

"What's your racket?"

"It ain't no racket! I own a  
couple garages."

"Oh, yeah! I heard about you!  
Captain Williams looked up and  
down with unconcealed contempt.

"You a friend of Alen Kane's?"

"Sure. I ain't work for him."

"Did you see him at any time  
last night?"

"Sure. We had some drinks at  
Jerry's."

"Where was that?"

"Around town, I guess."

Captain Williams stared his  
signal.

"How was Kane feeling then?"

"A little nervous, maybe." Cam  
looked his thin lips.

"The bartender told you and  
Kane had quite a conversation.  
What about?"

Cam fished for a cigarette and  
lit it nervously, talking through  
the corner of his mouth.

"Well, Kane seemed plenty lipped up about Leaky. He was picking a rod. He showed it to me. He said he was out to get him."

Leaky's words filtered through Alan's tortured mind. Alan clutched tightly up on his face.

"That's a lie?"

"Okay, son," Captain Williams urged. He turned back to Coon. "You say he threatened Leaky?"

"Y'll say he did?" Coon retorted.

"Ask Jerry! Ask anybody!"

Alan's mind wrestled with itself. It was clearing a little. He must think—think!

"I hate to be the one to put it on Kane," Coon flushed blantly. He snuffed out his cigarette in his own unmistakable way, looking around him self-righteously.

Alan's eyes widened as he watched. He stared at the still-smoking butt.

Then he kept up:

"You're a hell of a lay, Coon! Now I know why I couldn't have killed Leaky!"

"Yeah!" Coon sneered. "Why?"

"For one thing, because you did!"

Coon began to laugh.

"Funny, ah, Captain! I think the rap's mine!"

Captain Williams' face was bewildered but serious.

"Who's the rap, Kane?"

Alan hung out a wild laugh. All at once he was very, very happy about everything. He was happy because he knew his mind was all cleared up now—and that it would stay that way for good.

"Listen," he began. "Coon has a holdup. Leaky owed him money and couldn't pay up. Coon was supposed to get the garage if he defaulted, but now that I'm back all that's changed. I've got a legal claim on that business, seventy-five per cent of it, and Coon's mortgage

won't hold water. So, in order to get the garage—probably for his racket-gain to use in their counter-smuggling game—Coon had to get rid of us both. He planned a man-frames-up, soon as he discovered I wasn't dead, to pin the rap for—

"There," broke in Captain Williams. "We follow all that. But how are you going to prove you didn't kill Leaky, and he did?"

"There," broke in Captain Williams. "We follow all that. But how are you going to prove you didn't kill Leaky, and he did?"

Alan turned to Cop Krogan. "When you went in Leaky's office last night, did you notice a cigarette on his ashtray?" Still smoking—and named up like that?

He pointed to Coon's cigarette. Krogan stroked his chin.

"Come to think of it I did. But couldn't Leaky—"

"Leaky smoked a pipe?"

Captain Williams sighed. His eyes narrowed on Coon hopefully.

He dabbed Coon as much as he had ever disliked anyone and he would dearly love to pin this rap on him. But there was one big thing to overcome.

"Well, that puts an edge on a case against this rat, but—if it was for the fingerprints on the wall 'Your fingerprints!'"

Alan laughed roly.

"My fingerprints! That's a laugh! Those must have been placed there some way, Captain, because—I haven't got any fingerprints!"

Alan showed his palms out where all the cops could see. His fingers were now red, dyed—but steady now.

Captain Williams stared.

"Wowby, the star's been torn right off. They ain't heated up enough to leave any prints yet!"

Coon howled and made a dash for the door. Krogan caught him.

"What's happened to them?" he asked Alan huskily.

Alan's mouth went tight.

"Ask a Jap," he said.



What should a girl do when her boy friend wants to breathe her fanlight? How should she react if she wants to remain a "fater" girl?

## WHAT CAN A NICE GIRL DO?

MY friend Joyce is a young and attractive nurse. She has as many dates as the next girl to dinner, movies, dances, parties and so on. But no boy friend ever seems to stay around very long.

Joyce is no closer to an engagement and marriage—which I know she wants—than when she first came to the city to take up nursing five years ago. She says she knows the reason

MARY ELLEN FLYNN

—and she's growing increasingly bitter about it. Joyce is doomed to a lifetime of unhappy ignorance unless she risks herself of that business.

The reason, Joyce says, is that the man who takes her out will not take "me" for an answer. They make me ask," she declares, "with their repeated and childish attempts to break down a woman's resistance."

Joyce knows that most men still want the girl they marry to be a virgin. "Yes," she adds in disgust, "every one of them tries his damndest to reduce the supply."

Joyce is was in sticking to her standards of morality.

Her only trouble is the heart-brush-off she gives to every man who starts advancing farther than she wants.

The "nice girl" of today who is determined to stay "nice" from many interesting awkward situations than did her mother and grand-mother. In their day men generally gave a girl the benefit of the doubt. They believed she was virtuous until they had reason to change their minds. The modern man, however, seems to think every girl is "loose" until she shows she is not.

"And then," comes the cynical remark as from Joyce, "they drop her like a hot potato."

To some extent Joyce has become haused. Most modern men do try to find out just how deep is the "virtuous" of their girl friend if repeated not too persistently, they will generally come back. The manner in which those who have experienced Joyce's rebuffs quickly disappear indicates the fault is to be found in herself.

All of which proves there is a middle course.

A girl does not have to sacrifice her virginity or be regarded as

"loose" in her efforts to retain a man's friendship. Neither does she have to freeze him off with an outraged air if he wants to become "loose."

She can be virtuous without becoming hollowness about it. Most men respect a girl who has standards she means to keep. What they value is the girl who takes good and solid stand.

A girl can't go into a heavy kitchen with a man and then expect him to get back and hold hands for the next hour or so. If you are not "that sort of girl," you don't become coy and cuddly and lead a man on.

Joyce's problem probably stems from something of this nature. If a man knows where he is with a girl from the beginning, he will not become annoyed about her attitude; he will know what to expect. Despite our modern standards, girls still refuse more propositions than they accept.

But you can't blame a man getting ideas if you constantly give of his own all through the evening. Or clutch at his lapel to look better into his eyes. Or brush seductively against him when you're waiting. Or take a straight razor on him when you're dancing. Or push your face within a few inches of his when you're talking and give him a coquettish look with your eyes.

Do any of those things and, after you'll have to take what you get—or argue your way out of it and have a hatred of all men, as does Joyce.

Many girls will say that all the men they know seem to be simple "stinkers". They make themselves obnoxious until they get what they want. If unobnoxious, they go in search of other girls who are willing.

They say that a "nice girl" has only two alternatives—either she lowers her standards or sets loose in hellfire.

If she is wise, a girl will guard jealously her chastity as all circumstances—if she does not want to gamble with her future married happiness. There are decent men.

When the stylish love of courtship descends into flilly and secret low-smoking, true love is frequently destroyed. Disillusionment, bitterness, cynicism and very often a descent into primal promiscuity is all too often the result for the women concerned.

Promiscuity and pre-marital relations are constantly on the increase. One lady in every seven born in England today is conceived all of which.

The girl who abandons her self-respect will find that the word men gets around. Her reputation for promiscuity and cheapness grows with each affair she reduces the number of men she can regard as husband material.

Admittedly it is sometimes hard not to take the first step as she listens to the arguments of her boyfriend.

"I love you," he will rightly insist. "Why should our love be denied? Virginitv is Victoria. What difference does it make anyway?"

It makes a lot of difference. Apart from her reputation there is the psychological effect on the woman. Her confidence falls her pre-marital relations are ill-fated and child. Very often, as a result, her whole attitude to sex becomes warped. Frigidly may follow during her married life, because of reputation and inhibitions developed during a pre-marital affair. A sense of guilt may be engendered, which will tell her that all future

sex acts are wrong and sinful. A happy marriage is thus impossible.

There are the possibilities of disease or pregnancy. Women of experience and sophistication will invariably tell you, when they really let their hair down, that no other—however passionate—will help a girl get a man to be strict. Generally it means the other way and dunes any chance of normal matrimony.

"I was very foolish," a successful housewife I know told me recently. For all her apparent content with her lot, she would change it all to be sleeping nightly over a hot stove and devoting herself to some ordinary man and his kids.

She was foolish, she now knows, because of a promise she made a few months later left her without her boy friend.

"I now know men better," she says. "Their pride their ego, will never tolerate a woman with a test. They will not stand the mental strain of knowing that the woman with whom they make love is probably comparing them with several others who previously enjoyed her favours."

But there is no need for a girl who has made one mistake to brood over it. That leads to nervous ailments and psychosis. She should adopt the advice of "some better house-keeper". Let her keep her past to herself and enjoy a normal social life.

Despite your experience, he assured that all men are not complete wits. Although most of them are ready to test a girl's resistance, they know how to stop when they see a red light.

They'll immediately put you in a special little class of "nice girls". And, make no mistake, it is always from that class that they pick their wives.



# Cancer of the prostate can be cured

A cure for one of the main scourges of mankind has been found that will save the lives of one man in every four today over the age of 50.

L. McRAY PHILIPS

"I SEE a man brought in on a stretcher, dying of cancer of the prostate gland. In a couple of weeks I see him come in again, hale and hearty. He is cured."

This speaks Dr. Charles Huggins, Huggins to medical colleagues at the M. D. Anderson Hospital for Cancer Research, Houston, Texas. He told of curing patients with cancer so far advanced that they were beyond treatment by surgery or radiation. Bedridden patients began to gain strength and weight. In some cases they were able to go back to work.

This was remarkable news. Prostate cancer is one of the most prevalent and dreaded killers of men of middle-age and older. It is on the increase: 15 years ago it was present in an estimated 15 per cent. of the male population over 50 years of age; today one of every four men above 50 is believed to have a cancerous prostate.

The reason for the increase is

believed to be associated with the fact that the conquest of other diseases has increased the male life span, so that more men live to an age when prostate cancer becomes most active.

Prostate cancer is also one of the most painful and lingering forms of death. Prior to Dr. Huggins' work, the average life expectancy in incurable prostate cancer patients was about two years, but many sufferers lived much longer than that, suffering such torments that many of them wished for death.

Only a few years ago, a diagnosis of prostate cancer meant almost certain death. Aside from Dr. Huggins' work, however, recent advances in surgery and radiation have resulted in cures of about 50 per cent. of cases that are detected and treated at an early stage.

There have been advances also in diagnosis. Recently it has been discovered that prostate cancer is

accompanied by an increase in the acid phosphate content of the blood, making it possible to detect the illness when no other symptoms are present.

The new Huggins treatment has resulted in the withering of 99 per cent. of prostate cancers in an advanced, previously incurable stage. It is based upon the previous known fact that the production of excessive amounts of male hormones by the system stimulates the growth of the prostate cancer.

The treatment is basically simple. It removes the source of male hormones, or testosterone production—either through total castration of the male sex glands, or through "tying

them off" so that their production of testosterone will not reach the prostate and trigger cancerous growth.

This may frighten a patient, says Dr. Huggins, but if removed or isolation of the glands means the difference between inevitable and painful death and many years of healthy, pain-free life, the decision to undergo the operation is not so difficult to make.

In many cases total castration has been found unnecessary in stabilizing the development of prostate cancer. The administration of female sex hormones—which minimize male characteristics, including the strength and apparently normal tendency of the prostate to enlarge and become cancerous beyond middle age—has been found to counteract the action of the testicles and produce the same effect.

This is not true in all cases, however.

Dr. Huggins' sensational success in the treatment of prostate cancer began more than a decade ago. Then a relatively youthful graduate of Harvard Medical School, he decided to concentrate on cancer as his life's work, particularly cancer which seemed to be stimulated by sex-hormone production.

He was fully aware of the close association between the endocrine glands—including the pituitary and the adrenal, as well as the gonads—on growth, the development of sex characteristics and various forms of cancer, including breast cancer in women and prostate cancer in men.

The prostate has rightly been called a "mysterious gland." It is not primarily a sex gland at all, but either a storage receptacle for sperm cells produced by the

The prostate is located at the base of the bladder and surrounds the urethra, bladder-neck.



tures and a "factory" for the manufacture of a nutrient liquid in which the sperm can survive and thrive. Located at the base of the bladder and roughly the size of a hard-boiled egg, it surrounds the urethra and the neck of the bladder. It is connected with both the testes and the urethra.

The association between the production of testosterone by the gonads and the enlargement of the prostate has long been well-established. Following attainment of adolescence—accompanied by the development of secondary male characteristics such as change of voice, growth of hair on the pubic area and face and a reduction of fatty tissue on the body—the prostate develops considerably in size.

This enlargement continues until full adulthood is reached. If then comes—in the healthy male—and about the time of the so-called "male climacteric", when a decrease again. It is well-known that there is an excessive production of testosterone in middle-aged men, perhaps playing role in what is called the "sterone age in men".

The prostate is a tricky organ. Chronic enlargement may result in obstruction of the urethra and irritation of the bladder; two of the most common symptoms are a restricted urinary stream, a frequent desire to urinate and increased activity of the bladder in an effort to get rid of the irritation.

The prostate is also a highly receptive organ for inflammatory illness originating elsewhere—such as in the tonsils, teeth, and sinuses. It has been found that in about two-thirds of all cases of prostatic infection the organisms originated elsewhere than in the prostate.

Prostatic ill are generally treated under the heading of "male

difficulties"—and there are many. Frequently they may be cured or alleviated by massage, diet or surgery in the case of a "benign" or non-cancerous enlargement. The man who suspects prostatic trouble of any sort should see his physician without delay.

As the man ages, the effect of male hormones on the prostate becomes more pronounced. The cells develop larger, both in size and total number. This, however, is not yet cancer, which is an uncontrolled growth and multiplication of cells. Cancer, however, strikes the prostate frequently because it is so susceptible to irritation, and once it strikes it finds the prostate an ideal environment for growth.

In his attack on prostatic cancer, Dr. Higgins did much work with dogs. By removing the gonads, he found that in many instances the animals were relieved by shrinkage of the cancer, relief from pain, and restored strength and general health. Many lived out their normal life expectancy without renewed activity of the cancer, while in some the cancer vanished entirely. Not in other instances the cancer—although temporarily vanquished—returned and ultimately killed its victim.

This appeared to be due to the fact that sex hormones are produced not only by the testes but also by the adrenal glands, which are located above the kidneys. And the adrenals are so deeply involved in the basic processes of life itself that some of their hormones are absolutely essential to survival; remove both of the adrenals and the patient dies within a few weeks unless a synthetic hormone is substituted.

No caution appeared to be of uncertain benefit unless a non-

cancer stimulating substitute for adrenal hormones could be found. At this point modern chemistry entered the field. A synthetic adrenal hormone known by the formula  $C_{21}H_{32}O_5$  or deoxycorticosterone (known as DOCA for short), was developed.

Experiments then began to move rapidly. By administering a combination of DOCA and cortisone, Drs. H. and Robert M. Bergental succeeded in keeping patients alive and in good health despite the fact that their adrenals had been removed.

From this beginning it was a short step for Dr. Higgins to perform a combined castration and adrenectomy on a cancerous human. The first subject he selected was a woman afflicted with breast cancer. Her condition was hopeless; she was in terrible pain, required nurses twenty-four hours a day, and was expected to live not longer than six weeks.

Castration was by removal of the female ovaries, comparable to the testes in the male and the most important source of female sex hormones. The adrenectomy removed the other source of the cancer-stimulating hormone DOCA and cortisone were administered.

That was two years ago. Since then the woman has recovered from the cancer completely and is "...driving a car now and shopping," Dr. Higgins reports.

Also since then, the combined operation has proven highly successful in a vast majority of cases of female cancer, pain vanishing swiftly and the nervous system sensitive and in many instances withwining away.

Dr. Higgins next turned his attention to the human male. He

chose as his patient—in March, 1931—a man in the terminal stage of prostate cancer. Both adrenals and the gonads were removed, while the synthetic hormones were administered. The man was recently reported to have gained almost 40 pounds in weight and to have made a complete recovery. He has gone back to his old job, at which he puts in a full eight-hour day.

Since then there have been many similarly striking recoveries in males, as well as females. Not too often has the extremely radical castration—adrenectomy—been found necessary. Often the administration of hormones of the opposite sex have been found sufficient. For example, administration of female hormones in the case of cancer of the prostate and male hormones in the case of cancer of the breast have halted the cancer.

And what men—no sometimes happen—develop cancer of the breast because their gonads and adrenals are not producing a sufficient supply of male hormone, male hormones are administered, often successfully. Breast cancer in other men is due to an over-balance of female sex compared with male hormones.

Generally, it has been found that certain cancers that are influenced by sex hormones are stimulated by hormones of the host's own sex and inhibited by the withdrawal of such hormones of the opposite sex. The basic problem is to establish a hormone balance unfavorable to development of the cancer.

Therefore, when the production of male sex hormones is excessive and retards the development of prostate cancer, castration or tying off of the testes combined in some instances with adrenectomy now appears to cure for even the dread cancer of the prostate gland.



# High blood pressure altered history

We all know the story. The often-called splendor of the Spanish Armada seemed irresistible as it slowly approached England's shores. Elizabeth went in person to the stretch of coast where the Spaniards threatened to land. At the eleventh hour, Drake led out his pitifully small fleet of sea-wrecks to sting the fleet, and threw the Armada into confusion, then ordered a few ships

with pitch, took them windward of the tangled fleet, set them alight, and launched them at the Armada. An gale-driven storm blew down the Channel and hit the Spaniards. In a few hours the greatest naval force ever marshaled had been destroyed, thousands of Spaniards had died, and the wreckage of Emperor Phillip's pride littered the shores of England.



The stroke that killed Stalin (seen here with President Roosevelt) was a direct result of high blood pressure.

That is a bit of history that remains in our minds, partly because it confirmed England's newly won independence from the Continent, but chiefly because it's a gripping story. It is the story of David and Goliath on an epic scale. It stars a man so deeply because the forces contending against each other were driven by intensely human passions, the same passions that we all feel.

It was Phillip II of Spain who sent the Armada to conquer England. His wife had been Queen Mary of England, and Mary had thrown Elizabeth into prison, proclaimed her an illegitimate, tried to exterminate all her friends. The two half-sisters detested each other and Phillip hated Elizabeth, too. When Mary died, he had expected to inherit her throne. Instead, Elizabeth, fresh from prison, be-

The high blood pressure of King Phillip of Spain changed the course of history. High blood pressure is prevalent among statesmen — which could affect our future.

LESTER WAY

came Queen, and was proving herself a capable one.

Phillip already ruled half the known world. Under his father Spain had been invincible, and Phillip had added new glories to the list of Spanish conquests. He had sent an army thousands of miles across the Atlantic to conquer Mexico; so it was ridiculous for poor little England to defy him.

In fact, nobody had ever failed in an effort to invade England. The Romans, the Germans, the Danes, the French in 1562—all had come, had seen, and had conquered without much trouble. What chance, then, did a mere girl like Elizabeth have against the world's mightiest monarch? She had hardly any army; her fleet was a laughing-stock; her people were divided, torn by years of religious strife. She hadn't been on the throne long enough to heal the wounds, and, besides, many important people in England reckoned that the throne

belonged to Philip, anyway.

He should have won. The odds were a thousand to one in his favour; instead of which he suffered one of the most shattering defeats in history. Elizabeth's courage and Drake's cunning were important factors, but Philip himself had a lot to do with it.

His death in 1598 helps to explain that. He died in a violent manner. It started with ordinary, old-fashioned gout, which became so bad that he had to be carried wherever he went. Then ulcers appeared all over his legs, and became so painful to the touch that no one dared clean them or dress them. For two months they got worse. Yaws entered the ulcers; then gangrene developed and spread to other parts of his body. The pain became more and more intense. He had to endure fifty-three days of that before he died.

It was all recorded in detail at the time, and modern medical men have studied the records; they have added up the score; they have a answer.

High blood-pressure? It wasn't understood in those days, so it was neglected and left untreated, and it produced a number of other complications that are now known to come directly from neglected arterial sclerosis. To Philip of Spain, it brought death.

We all know something about hardened arteries today. When your blood pressure rises too high, you lose your sense of proportion, trivial things push important matters into the background, and your mind refuses to work logically. The judgment of the most brilliant mind becomes warped, he finds it impossible to lay sound plans; when he tries to think, he can't remember either, or keep his thoughts clear.

It is men like Philip II. men who hold great power and world at themselves, who usually get hardened arteries and high blood pressure. Prolonged mental strain, worry, continued emotional strain, set before which lay your wide open to arterial sclerosis, which has been called the statesman's disease.

Philip had more than his share of worry and strain. He was supposed to rule the Netherlands, which were rebellious. The Turks still occupied part of Europe, and were a constant threat to the rest. Philip had been forced, for political reasons, to marry his father's ex-lance, Queen Mary of England, who didn't want to marry him, and was twelve years older than Philip.

When politicians took over the affairs of state from the sovereigns they become victims of the disease. Denmark died of it, for one, though he didn't bring calamity on England.

Joseph Chamberlain died of arterial sclerosis. In Australia, a killed John Storey in 1881, J. H. Chaffy died of a heart attack, which is almost always associated with artery trouble. The stroke that killed Stalin according to details published by the doctors attending him, was a direct result of high blood pressure.

The list is much longer. One authority has stated that "unless a politician has an iron nerve and preternaturally calm nature, or, unless he is fortunate enough to be carried off by pneumonia, he is almost certain to die of high blood pressure."

The tragedy is not only that they die, but that they live with a malady that weakens their judgment, distorts their view, renders them incapable of calm thought, and always at a time when they are at

the top of their power, and the fate of nations may depend on their capacity to see clearly and act wisely!

It makes one wonder anxiously about the health of men of power in the world today. When did they have their last check-up, and how did their blood pressure stand? How much of the policy they are now pursuing would be altered, if their arteries were still sound?

It isn't always tragedy, however. If Philip of Spain had been free from the complaint, he may have conquered England. Rather in life he had many military successes, and he organized the campaign himself. Aside from planning and equipping the amazing Drake expedition, it was under his direction that French power was utterly crushed at St. Quentin. Clearly, he had the capacity to organize difficult operations.

By the time of the Armada, Philip had a blood pressure so high that it was impossible for him to plan it calmly.

He knew how to fit out an expedition to cross the Atlantic, but for the invasion of England, with the risk of meeting a North Sea gale as terrible as anything on the Atlantic, he commissioned ships fit only for all-shore work in the Mediterranean. He knew the swift mobility of Drake's little craft, yet he sent galleons against them so cumbersome that they were helpless when attacked. Already, Drake had crushed six Spanish ports and had set fire to a fleet lying at anchor there. Philip hadn't forgotten that, but he terrified Drake to do it again by launching an invasion fleet that sailed out for the five-attack.

So Elizabeth remained Queen, and England climbed to greatness.

History may have been very different, if Philip had been able to plan the invasion soundly. To win back their independence, the people of England would have had to wage a civil war more terrible than the Wars of the Roses had been. After such warfare, England could hardly have kept into world leadership, as she did so rapidly during the reign of Elizabeth, and after.

Part of the glory of the first Elizabeth can be credited to the hardened arteries of a king who hated her too furiously. Because of his hate, he couldn't keep his blood pressure down as he planned her destruction. Artery sclerosis can be a good thing, when it's on the other side of the fence.

But it isn't always on the other side.

King Philip II of Spain died from high blood pressure. A contributing factor to his complaint was his marriage to Mary Tudor, shown below.





## MEAT OR VEGETABLES —

Are you a vegetarian or a carnivore? Which is the better diet for health?

**M**ILLIONS of people eat meat. They say it is needed in the diet, particularly if you work hard. Millions of others will not touch meat. They call themselves vegetarians.

Vegetarianism is a cult that is continually gaining adherents. Its followers assert they are healthier and live longer than meat eaters. They include famous believers such as Leo Tolstoy, Mahatma Gandhi, George Bernard Shaw, Stedley the poet and Gloria Swanson the actress, as support for their viewpoint.

Modern medical science is by no means unanimous that they are either right or wrong—mostly because of insufficient tests and research upon which to base conclusions. It has not been established that vegetarians live any longer. Comparative studies that have been conducted show that both groups suffer, relatively, the same casualties in most diseases.

The best, apparently, that can be said for the vegetarian is that

he is, generally, in no worse health than the carnivore—and with the present prices of meat he certainly has more money in his pocket.

Vegetarians are divided into two main classes. The purists eat nothing but vegetables, fruits and nuts. The more moderate class are called Lacto-ovo vegetarians. They also use milk, eggs and cheese. George Bernard Shaw was of this type.

Ethically and morally vegetarians mean no wrong ground. They claim that to take an animal's life is no different, basically, from taking a human life. The animal is a living thing, with the same conscious and love for its fellows and young. Having taken an animal life, the idea of then slicing a piece of flesh from its body and flavoring it constitutes the pure vegetarian.

Scientifically the vegetarians' argument are not so logical and convincing. They remain to be proven by definite case histories.

To the vegetarian, plant life is the "efficient and proper" food for



## DOES IT MATTER?

RETA H. HOJAN

man. He will concede that dairy products can be valuable for nutritional purposes—but are not really essential.

He points out man can live without meat. His food value can be obtained in a purer and cleaner state from different plant sources. Hardened with waste materials, meat begins to rot as soon as it is killed. Hence, these wastes have to be eliminated. Eventually the body processes break down under the strain of getting rid of them.

Research in the United States have measured the quantities of bacteria in samples of normal flesh. They have found that they increase at an alarming rate. After 20 hours at room temperature, 700-million additional putrefactive bacteria appear in each gramme of average meat. Spoiled ham also shows an increase of 700 million. The bacteria on minced steak grow by 400 million per gramme and in pork by nearly 1800 million.

Vegetarians also claim that the consumption of meat produces ex-

cess of uric acid. This aids development of gout, arthritis, kidney disease, uric-acidosis, heart trouble and cancer.

Although science has not yet shown there is any conclusive relation between diet and cancer, the vegetarian is convinced that he is less prone to contract it than the meat eater. He quotes figures that there is less cancer in rural areas than in the city. He says that is the result of the "protective food" such as fruit and vegetables consumed generally by agricultural workers. They eat less luxury meats and sugar, stimulating drinks than the city dwellers.

Vegetarians quote the Chinese as an argument that meat eating is more conducive to cancer. The population of northern China rarely suffer from cancer of the stomach. They are invariably vegetarians, with a staple diet of millet in northern China, on the other hand, where stomach and liver cancers are common, the people are not vegetarians.

The anti-meat advocates insist that diet will delay the onset of old age and increase the life span. In young people, it has been found, there are greater quantities of potassium, magnesium, phosphorus and nitrogen than in older people. A vegetable diet, vegetarians say, will help to remedy these deficiencies in the old and extend old longevity.

Although science does not agree with them, vegetarians aver that rich nutrition is available in plant food than any other. Whatever is needed—carbohydrates, protein, oil, mineral or vitamins—can be obtained from plant life.

They are an sturdy ground in respect to proteins. Proteins provide the essential amino acids, without which life and health is impossible. It only one of the ten most important amino acids is absent, nutrition suffers. Fatigue, loss of vitality and sickness result. Many vegetable proteins do not contain enough of the amino acids the body requires. Meat with its rich values can supply all amino acids.

The vegetarians affirm that and also that the missing amino acids from one type of plant protein can be made up from another. The most ardent counter by querying why we should take the chance of such deficiencies when we can be certain they will not occur with an ordinary meat and vegetable diet.

The orthodox medical view is that it is not possible to obtain adequate protein nourishment from plants to justify vegetarianism.

It is not said to be impossible to get full and proper diet, but most doctors declare it is difficult—and that difficulty is unnecessary if the vegetarians would eat a good food-stick occasionally.

To the arguments about in-

sufficient proteins, vegetarians offer the counter of the elephant, which somehow gets all its needs on leaves and grass. They won't accept the fact that the elephant and other animals such as the cow, the horse, the sheep and the goat get their nourishment only because of the vast quantities of the vegetable matter they consume.

The human digestive tract could not handle such bulk. Man needs more concentrated nourishment in his food.

Even if the vegetarians admit that a plant diet may not be all it should be with regard to protein, they maintain that does not matter so much because they make up with the fat, minerals and vitamins.

From milk, they claim, comes all the oil needed by the human body. The mineral iodine sodium (from seaweed, kelp, seaweed and celery), iron (from spinach, raisins and beets), and phosphorus, copper, sodium and all the others necessary for health. Plants can supply all vitamins required.

One of the most enthusiastic arguments proffered by the vegetarians is that vegetables, fruits and nuts possess curative values for human life superior to all drugs and medical treatment. Spanish, they say, will purify the blood, cabbage as food for scurvy; cucumbers will work wonders for skin diseases and will improve the complexion. They cite asparagus as beneficial to "relieve the lungs and kidneys of acid gas", lettuce for anemia, tomatoes for dyspepsia and constipation.

Some vegetarians have even stated anecdotally that peas, beans and lentils are "therapeutically effective in depressed mental states, melancholy, hypochondria, and all types of prothromboses, psychos-

tic and indigestion cases of defective process."

The vegetarians believe that celery will calm the nerves in "neuralgic conditions such as neuralgia, tic douloureux and hiccups". Beets are supposedly useful for indigestion and jaundice. Ribwort is considered "a tonic and a laxative". Garlic is well known as a home treatment for lung conditions, even tuberculosis, and for hypertension. If you have gallstones, the vegetarian swears by radishes—and he also likes them for "bladder stones". Turnage are another answer to skin diseases.

Fruits are just as beneficial in the vegetarian's book. First comes the renowned apple, which he claims is "therapeutically effective" for acidosis, gout, rheumatism, jaundice and skin diseases.

The grape is believed to be efficacious for treating varicose veins, hemorrhoids, osteomyelitis and neuritis. Some enthusiasts prescribe grapes as "laxative" builders and vitalizing agents, particularly in the treatment of diseases of old age.

Peaches are said to be valuable for acidosis and geriatric diseases, lemons for regenerating potassium salts, oranges for bronchitis and

asthma and rashes for amacosis. Medical opinion, however, meets of these claims.

There is no valid authority in the world to say that radishes will cure your gallstones, grapes treat your varicose veins or oranges relieve your bronchitis and so on. To say that celery will calm your nerves is as nonsensical as the old belief that fish is a brain food.

The vegetarian has his beliefs and is a hard man to shake from them, whatever the scientific evidence produced to the contrary. One of his stock defenses about his will is to produce the "example of the animal kingdom". Thus he instances the fish-eating animals who ate savage and ferocious beasts of prey—the lion and tiger for example. Bury and treacherous, they are indeed, predatory, violent. He compares them with the useful plant-eating animals—bees and cattle who work for man and are gentle and even-tempered.

Conveniently, however, such assertions ignore the example of "man's best friend". The dog is traditionally a carnivorous animal.

Not all the quoted plant-eaters are so sweet and mild either. An orange will see tortoise not very

Routine injections of all babies with gamma globulin is suggested by a Brooklyn, New York, doctor, as a way of preventing many babies, unexpected deaths. Each year, he says, several thousand babies are put to bed in apparently good health, only to be found dead in the morning. Almost always the deaths are due to a respiratory infection, such as pneumonia. Noting that such deaths reach a peak between two and three months of age, when the germ-fighting anti-bodies conferred by the mother before birth, wear out, Dr. David Spain says this means the level of gamma globulin in the blood is decreased. He found it so in as three of five babies who died suddenly. "While this number of cases is too small to warrant any conclusion," he states in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, "it does open up an avenue for further study. Gamma globulin is that fraction of the blood that contains antibodies. It has been used against such diseases as measles, polio and hepatitis.

different from those of a lion or tiger. A stallion is not always brawling over with goodwill to man or his own kind.

One thing about the vegetarians is accuracy. They really believe it is beneficial for themselves and far minked to live upon beefs and fruits and vegetables, the "dainties which grow from the earth". They may believe that, for few could prefer a vegetable diet for its taste.

Consider the case of Stanislas Kudy. For many years he lived as a hermit in a cave in the Forest of Perche, near Dijon, France. His diet consisted of grass, herbs, mushrooms and acorns.

One evening recently, local police removed him from his cave and took him to the police station. They had received a report he was ill.

Actually there was little wrong with Stanislas, and he pleaded to go back to his hermitage. While he was there, however, the station sergeant was found himself a supper of steak and chip potatoes in butter. He invited Stanislas to join him in the meal. The hermit shook his head.

Eventually Stanislas was persuaded to sample some steak. He began cautiously, but soon eating with enthusiasm. One hour after his third steak, he suddenly asked the sergeant if he might have another. It was given to him and he then went to sleep.

The next morning he announced: "We were great and acorns for me. I want steak."

The police got him a job as a butcher's assistant. Stanislas is still there and has never been happier.



"Looks like this is the only way I'll ever get a fur coat!"

# pointers to better health

## DIABETES CURE

A liver chemical which destroys insulin may play an important part in the cause of diabetes, says Dr. Arthur I. Minsky, of the University of Pittsburg. Called insulinase, the destructive action of the chemical has been demonstrated by use of radioactive experiments. Dr. Minsky reported to the American Chemical Society. Diabetes may occur, the doctor believes, because something happens in the body to step up the activity of insulinase. Studies are now under way to discover whether the action of insulinase might be blocked and thereby benefit the patient. Diabetes is a disease in which the body is unable to produce enough insulin to burn its sugar.

## ANGINA PECTORIS

An artery-diverting operation to relieve the severe chest pain of angina pectoris has been successful in 90 percent of cases, according to Dr. Arthur Winberg, of Montreal. The operation consists in transplanting the mammary artery, which normally brings blood to the upper chest region, into the main pumping chamber of the heart. This nourishes the heart muscles and increases the blood supply. It provides protection against continued narrowing of the coronary blood vessels which results in a heart attack. Twenty-eight opera-

tions have now been completed.

## RHEUMATIC FEVER

Twenty-four patients are now "living and improved" with a plastic ball inserted into the main blood vessel leading from the heart. The ball substitutes for valves damaged by rheumatic fever. Dr. C. A. Hufnagel of Washington, U.S.A., who reported the work, and the details operation was first performed in 1952 on a human patient.

## CIRCULATION

When a major artery is blocked by a clot, a vein graft to by-pass the blocked area will help restore circulation, says Dr. Gerald H. Pratt, of New York. The vein is taken from the patient's own circulatory system. Veins are readily available and their removal does not interfere with the patient's necessary blood supply.

## HALF A BRAIN

Two boys in Chicago were recently relieved of epileptic seizures by removal of half the brain. A surprising result was that the boys changed from usually problem children to models of behavior. Furthermore, the IQ of one rose. Dr. Meyer A. Perleman explained that one half of each brain had been functioning poorly, due to injury and this was having an adverse effect on the other half.



# Will Insanity hit at you?

The line between sanity and insanity is very thin. Extreme irritability, lack of concentration, loss of memory or mild delusions may be the forerunners of a mental breakdown.

**BEATRICE CAMPDEN** was 11 with no relatives or friends known to us who looked after her in a mental home. She sat in front of me, covered of the smallest streak of personality. She was simple and confused, just an ordinary necessity.

We were trying to establish facts about her antecedents. From a few remarks she made, I got a clue about a relative. Eventually four generations were revealed and the genealogical tree was most illuminating. Yes, I discovered, was the outcome of an infectious lesion.

It transpired that the family record had been all right until a certain member—a successful business—had embarked on a wild life. He contracted syphilis, continued to have a big family and spread destruction every time it happened. Not always directly. Perhaps in the next generation. There is absolute truth in the Biblical saying that the sin of the fathers shall be visited unto the children, even unto the third and fourth generations.

Is that funny there were some marks of outstanding ability mingled with crime, insanity, im-

becility and social failure. On the whole, it was a shocking record and a terrible indictment against the wholesale butcher who was the central cause of all the trouble. It demonstrated in a striking way what tragedy may strike at the heart of many people.

It comes as a shock to people when they hear of someone they know who has become insane, they experience a feeling of horror when a mentally defective child is born. And they wonder, "Can this happen to me? Could my brain start? Could I have a child who would be mentally defective?"

Scientists all over the world are continually asking themselves and others whether or not the complications and the work of modern life are creating a bigger incidence of insanity. The psychiatrist's answer to this question is "No."

But we must be careful with the term "insanity". An insane person is one who suffers from impairment of mind as a consequence of some brain disease or disorder.

Insanity is a very different matter from a nervous disorder or breakdown. The mind is one thing, the nervous system another. We must remember that vital distinction.

SPENCER LEWING



tion. The civilized world is witnessing an alarming increase in nervous disorders and breakdowns, which lead to stomach ulcers, heart disease, and many other serious maladies. But there is no increase in insanity.

The more hectic, the more harassing, the more complicated, life becomes, the more rarely will the nervous system become afflicted. Business executives racing around with not a minute to relax won't necessarily pay for it all by going mad; but it is very likely that they will collapse one day with a nervous breakdown, and perhaps stomach ulcers. The incidence of nervous among business executives is rapidly increasing.

Victims of the speed complex, in any form, usually go the same way. The incidence of mental (not nervous) afflictions is about 7 in every 100 of population. These seven include only people who are known to be insane or mentally defective. There are probably others, not known, or borderline cases. This, perhaps, would bring the ratio up to 14 per 100, or one in every 100. This doesn't sound much. But when you multiply it in terms of 200,000,000, which makes up the estimated population of the world, you will see that it comes to a big figure of 17,500,000.

There are more insane than mentally deficient people in the world; but the difference isn't very much. Doctors estimate that there are at least 4,000,000 people who are positively insane.

There is a distinction between insanity and mental deficiency. Insanity is a mental disease or disorder, while mental deficiencies is an incomplete or arrested development of mind existing before the age of 18 years.

An idiot or an imbecile is a mental defective, whereas a person suffering from, say, melancholia or schizophrenia (schizo-mani) is insane. The cause of madness are many. In some—but not many—cases they are disorders.

That there is predisposition. Students of genetics know that the quality and strength of any living thing depends largely upon the stock from which it sprang.

This is abundantly proved in the case of sheep and cattle, corn, oats, flowers, vegetables, and trees. If the seed is a good healthy one, when it germinates and becomes a living entity, it will bearing accidents, reflect the quality of its parentage.

So it is with human beings. If there is a bad strain of disease in a family, frequently it is handed down, whether it be leucorrhoea (bloodst) or insanity.

But this point must be emphasized; insanity in itself is not transmitted; only the tendency towards it, or the predisposition.

In the course of Mr's boys and struggled a mind predisposed towards insanity may be knocked over the side by some adversity, whereas a person not so predisposed will suffer no ill-effects.

This raises a vital point concerning the making of lunatics. From a long study of genetics it has become apparent that a country's strength of mind depends largely upon the kind of mating.

Conjugal mating is a bad thing. Frequently the offspring is weak, in mind and/or body. Many times I had to investigate case histories, and was able to put my finger on the vital etiologic factor in the case. Perhaps cousins had mated. Or perhaps, in a small village where practically all of the inhabitants were of the same

blood group, the marriage had been comparatively consanguineous.

One of the outstanding advantages of Australia's immigration scheme is that it has the beneficial effect of "breeding the blood," and so creating strong, healthy citizens of tomorrow.

Why has the United States of America become such a vital, clever, thrifty nation? Mainly because its forebears were men and women from many different lands—German, Czech, Polish, English, Scottish, Irish, Russian, Italian, and so on.

Though society is against the mating of colour, from a purely genetic angle there is little doubt that it would produce some good human stock for the future.

Such aspects of the immigration problem as this are scarcely heeded. Yet they are of prime importance.

**INSANITY CAN**, of course, arise as the result of things that actually happen to a person, even if the individual comes from good, sound stock.

A normally happy life is good for man, and usually brings good physical and mental health. But there are many critical obstacles along the road of life, each one of which render a person sick in mind. It even begins during pregnancy.

The solution of many a human mystery lies in the womb of an expectant mother. She may have had a sudden fright when pregnant. Perhaps there was some ugly stress to endure which left its indelible mark on the child to be born.

Genetic influences continued by a mother-to-be during a certain stage of pregnancy may lead to the infant being born blind. Disorders which may affect the mind are more complicated and subtler, but no less important.

Early in a child's life come the terrible diseases, of which probably scarlet fever is the most damaging. But these diseases, as a rule, see of minor consequence. Sometimes, however, they have permanently arrested the development of a child's mind, but have not produced insanity.

The next critical age is adolescence. When a radical change takes place in the human body, and a boy becomes a man, and a girl a woman, the upheaval is a big and startling one. It is quite sufficient to turn any boy's or girl's brain, because the realization of what has happened in a biological sense is something of which they had not dreamed when they were children. It is a bewildering new experience.

Children should be prepared for puberty. Without preparation the child is puzzled—indeed, shocked—by the change.

It is a pity that more physiology and elementary psychology isn't taught in our schools. After all, a child has a perfect right to know what it is to be known about his or her mind and body.

Marriage is a big mental hurdle for some people. For others it is something which comes naturally and easily, and is the most perfect concept of an ideal existence.

Later in life comes one of the biggest dangers of all, the character period, commonly known as "the change of life". Mental health statistics show that, for women, the age group 45-50 is by far the largest among mental hospital admissions.

The biological change makes the end of the menstrual period is frequently accompanied by a radical mental upheaval, and mental treatment becomes essential.

A similar but less radical change,

waiting for a shorter period (up to two years) takes place only in men, but usually a little later in life—in the late thirties.

During that period some men become unstable mentally, though not necessarily insane. The circumstances in men is often the unknown answer to a human mystery as to why a man, formerly active and even brilliant, has suddenly come to pieces, even perhaps having to retire from work.

Last among the seven ages of man is the senile stage when mental deterioration sets in steadily—but not always—through natural causes. This can usually be averted off by the regular continuance of mental activity. These men who retire merely to sit back in slippers and read and rusticize soon deteriorate in mind, and long before their time reach "senescent childhood and mere oblivion".

If you are around the sixty mark, and are thinking of retiring, watch your step well in advance. Unretired brains aren't healthy, and isn't natural. The flexibility of the mind, as well as the muscles of the body, need to be kept in good trim. A croquet ball will deteriorate without practice. Similarly, an elderly man or woman who does little or nothing becomes atrophied, in body and in mind.

**A** FRUITFUL breeding ground for insanity is an unstable temperament. If you are liable to outbreaks of violent temper, or are average and unrelatable, master all the will-power that you have in a fixed determination to control, if not master, these weaknesses.

Excesses of passion, sorrow, or anger are not normal, and may be the symptoms to something much more serious.

If it may be argued that we can't

help having the characteristics with which we were born. That is true. But given a fair share of will-power it is amazing what can be achieved in the way of overcoming these weaknesses. Right determination over a long period is essential.

Here are five stresses in life which are apt to bring insanity in their wake. They are: Weak sexual excess or abnormality, ambition which is greedy and unbridled, obsessions about something which eventually gives rise to delusions, and haunting fears.

To be starved of food, water, love, sympathy, or any other necessary (though commonplace) things of life creates an assault against the barriers of a quiet, normal mind, and if prolonged, breaks down these barriers if the mind is strong enough. It withstands the attack.

Sexual excess or abnormality is a delicate, yet enormously important matter. In itself it seldom causes insanity. But with a predisposition towards mental trouble it will almost certainly put the offender over the edge sooner or later.

Syphilis can be a dreadful killer. If untreated, it can and frequently does render a man or woman insane.

The stress born of over-ambition has at its root a certain form or streak of delirium.

Adolf Hitler was a case in point. The psychopathic personality of the ex-pope, Pius XI, ex-emperor, Kaiser Wilhelm seemed upon an idea, an ambition, nothing less than to rule the world, and become a God among men. This means—the fact is what he was—very nearly accomplished his purpose.

Obsessions are ghastly things, like forces in the dark that haunt and frighten. A thoroughly normal, healthy mind has no obsessions.



Mental health statistics show that, for women, the age group 45-54 is by far the largest among mental hospital admissions.

If something dwells in your mind long enough, it will become a positive truth, whether it be true or not. It is in this way that delusions arise. Delusions are perhaps the most common type of insanity.

This is thoroughly dangerous. Fancy can play all kinds of tricks, and the mind of man can imagine almost anything if he so wills.

Fear is perhaps the biggest bogey in human existence. It can grip the mind and paralyze the body until life becomes a nightmare.

Usually fears are born in childhood. A scare, a fright of some kind, is not forgotten, and remains

to haunt the subject in later years.

The conquest of fear is one of the most difficult things to accomplish. But it can be done. Because you were bitten by a dog in childhood, you may be scared of dogs. Or some early experience before you learned to swim makes you terrified of the sea or the overboard. Worst of all, in later years, is the fear of death. Unless something drastic is done about these fear complexes, the mind will suffer, not necessarily in the point of becoming insane, but almost certainly by the individual becoming neurotic.

Many men and women have brought about their nervous or mental breakdowns themselves because they have made no positive attempt to fight and overcome their fear syndromes.

We are all afraid of something Ask any living V.L. winner and he will tell you.

There is nothing abnormal about being afraid. What we must do is to meet the challenge of fear, and be determined, if we cannot overcome it, at least to stifle and control it . . .

**YOU MAY ASK:** how can a person know if and when he becomes insane? What are the early symptoms?

Frankly, it is most probable that he won't know. That will be left to other people to determine and decide.

The first beginnings of a mental breakdown may manifest themselves in the way of extreme irritability, lack of concentration, loss of memory, or in mild delusions of persecution.

A remarkable feature of the onset of insanity is that the sufferer nearly always turns upon the person whom he or she loves most.

The chance of complete recovery from a mental illness are multiplied many times if the case receives early treatment.

In 1890 in England and Wales voluntary treatment in a mental hospital became possible. Following this enlightened measure, the recovery rate steadily rose. Mental treatment is like every other treatment. The sooner it is applied, the sooner will the trouble be cleared up. Delay is fatal.

Some cases of mental illness have a character all of their own and the onset is characteristically sudden.

The most pitiful are the cases of puerperal fever, when the mother's

milk 'pois' to the babe', so to speak, and the poor victim becomes temporarily insane and often violent. Happily, in the overwhelming majority of such cases the patient makes complete recovery in a comparatively short time.

Under DuPont conditions women who become temporarily insane through puerperal fever should not go to an ordinary mental hospital for treatment, but should be treated privately and separately.

The alcoholic who has drunk so heavily that he has delirium tremens is most definitely insane temporarily, and needs restraint as well as treatment. Such cases usually recover, but if heavy drinking is continued worse disasters will follow.

Drug addicts are a still more difficult proposition. The more potent narcotics imbalance the mind in time. These mental patients need special and separate care, and are always in danger of relapsing.

The majority of the patients in mental hospitals are harmless. If you walked through certain wards, you would probably wonder why they were there. You might have half an hour's conversation with one of them, and find that he or she spoke and behaved quite normally. It would only be if and when you happened to touch upon a certain topic that the delusion would manifest itself.

I remember interviewing a male patient who had appeared to me always to be most rational—until one day when I was taking into his post. I discovered that he was convinced that he was of Royal blood, or that he thought that he was the King, though he did not care about it.

Most mental delusions are harmless—unless they have a psychotic superimposed on the mental delu-

A few criminal mental delusions are dangerous. For these in the United Kingdom special institutions have been provided.

Dangerous lunatics can be divided into two categories (a) those dangerous to themselves; and (b) those dangerous to others.

Those in category (a) are mostly the suicidal cases of which every mental hospital has many. They are placed on what, in England, we called a 'suicide caution card', which means that nurses on duty must never allow these patients out of their sight. The patients concerned, of course, don't know this, which is just as well.

In spite of the precautions which are taken in regard to would-be suicides, a few moments of carelessness, inattention, or diversion of attention on the part of the nurse on, and occasionally doctor, permit the homicidal patient to get an end to his or her life.

Insane persons who are dangerous to others again may be subdivided. There are those suffering from acute mania who are dangerous for the time being, but frequently recover. For these unfortunate and distressing cases padded rooms are generally needed. As far as possible the door is kept unlocked, possibly even open, while the patient is inside, with a nurse constantly on the watch. Every admission in a padded room must be recorded. Long stave guns are the days of straitjackets, leg-locks, galls, manacles, and other instruments of mechanical restraint.

A padded room is an ordinary single room the walls, floor, ceiling and doors of which are thickly lined with padded leather. In the door is a protected aperture through which the nurse can observe the patient from outside.

The other type of dangerous

lunatic is the one suffering from recurrent mania. These patients will become violent when least expected. They constitute a big medical and nursing problem.

There was a time when it was believed that mad people only went mad at the monthly change of moon, hence, of course, the word 'lunatic'. Potentially dangerous mental patients are not so easily predictable.

I remember a male patient who looked weak and mild, inefficient, and full of understanding—in fact, completely normal when you looked at and talked with him. Then unexpectedly a homicidal attack would seize him, and the padded room was the only safe place for the poor fellow. After a week or two he would quieten down, and become outwardly normal again.

At Broadmoor, in Berkshire, original lunatics are kept. It was to Broadmoor that the London man-about-town and murderer Ronald True was sent, after he had been found guilty but insane of the murder of a prostitute, Missauld-Lara, perpetrator of fraud, burglar, common thief, sex pervert, people convicted of a host of all are there, under medical care and treatment.

Institutions of this type are deceiving places. A walk through the wards would give the impression of peace and concord, and scarcely a hint of the horrors' nest of potential vice and insurrection which lies dormant.

**MANIFESTATIONS** of mental trouble are as diverse as anything can be. They range from the tearing, crazed maniac to the mildly eccentric person whose actions merely raise a smile, and cause no harm.

Eccentric persons are not detained in mental homes—unless of course their eccentricities are but one symptom of a well-marked mental disease or disorder, like late-flying Uncle Dick in "David Copperfield", for instance, who talked about King Charles' head. He was mad in a harmless sort of way.

To be eccentric is not necessarily to be insane. If that were so, infinitely more millions of human beings would be put away, and the world would lose a lot of color, and fun.

Eccentricity is just a queer slant on life in some particular aspect.

Some of the world's greatest men have been eccentrics in the arts, in particular. Many poets, musicians and authors have positively built up their genius on the basis of their eccentricities. In one outstanding case, that of William Cowper, author of "John Gilpin", the eccentricities led to madness but such a development is rare among eccentrics.

My case-book of memories is very much overfull. But let me temporarily remove five loose-leafs, change names, and tell something of the story which lies behind each report.

Case-book-extract number one relates to an elderly Helene whom we will call "She". He came in voluntarily, with marked symptoms of mental illness, the outstanding feature of which was a determination to commit suicide.

He settled down quickly, liked the easy mental hospital life, and soon made a good recovery. He showed no suicidal symptoms. As a voluntary patient he could take his discharge at seventy-two hours' notice. But, oh no!

She was enjoying his system in a place of refuge where he was being sheltered from the stormy

blasts of life. What had really happened to her in the stormy world was anybody's guess.

The medical superintendent eventually informed her that he was quite well, and that he would have to take his leave. But contrary to the attitude adopted by 99.99 per cent of mental hospital patients she refused and added by way of a threat: "If you force me to go out, I will commit suicide."

The medical was highly experienced, and he called the patient's bluff. Quietly he contacted a near relative, told him the story, and said that he trusted the relative to look after the now-completely recovered patient. The doctor took an awful risk, but he was convinced that her was deserving just because he wanted continued comfort and shelter, with no work to do!

The risk proved to be justified. He went out to his dear relative who, fortunately, was a fine, conscientious type of man—and all was well.

My second case is that of a corpse. I saw it in an asylum mortuary, in the earliest years of my mental health service.

Put together it was a foul story—of a man who had gone the pace. He had had a good business, a good wife, and nice children. But he had succumbed to temptation, had been hushed and blackmailed, and eventually had contracted General Paralysis of the Insane, a disease caused by syphilis which can now be cured by mercurial therapy if treated in the early stages. Death had followed.

Case number three was one of the most pathetic that I encountered among the many thousands which came my way.

In her very early twenties, Gladys becomes insane. The history



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showed a mixed trail of trouble: frustrated love, unsympathetic parents, not a good family history, and at least one very nasty shock.

Glady was introspective, melancholic, and generally unamiable. She appeared to develop religious ideas, and everyone thought that she would become a chronic case, to be kept in an "asylum" for the rest of her natural life . . .

Forty years elapsed in her early middle, Glady's psychosis suddenly cleared up. How or why, not even the best experts knew. But it happened. Glady had recovered from her mental illness.

It was a terrible problem to have to rehabilitate her after forty years in an asylum. But we did it.

There was such an appreciation as the Mental After-Care Association, with hospitals here and there for recovered mental patients. This association did the trick. They rescued Glady away from the sheltered life that she had known for forty years, did everything very gradually, and got Glady acquainted in the strangeness of the changed outside world in carefully graduated stages. Fortunately a contemporary relative turned up, to connect her with her youthful past. So all was well. Without a bit of luck, Glady might have fallen disastrously by the wayside—but she didn't, and had no relapse.

Next comes the case of Marie, a beautiful, dignified Frenchwoman with all the elegance and natural poise of a smart Parisian demimonde. Her early life was a mixture of gaiety, stress, and trouble, including at least one love affair that went wrong.

To get away from her unhappy environment, Marie went to England, and took a job as a governess.

She soon earned a mental breakdown.

Marie, in fact, became one of the recurrent cases of mania to which reference was made earlier in this article.

During her long, hard intervals Marie did leatherwork of superb quality and artistry. She made ladies' handbags from her own designs.

When an exhibition of mental patients' work was staged in London at the time of King George V's Jubilee, samples of Marie's leatherwork were among the highlights of the exhibition, and were praised and admired by the Royal Family.

That elegant and quite charming Frenchwoman was one of the London girls. When the villa in which she was housed was struck by a bomb, Marie helped the nurse who had survived to rescue the wounded. Not long afterwards she died. She had had a tragic life; but it was without its moments of glory, even when the poor ex-madness was insane.

The fifth and last extract from my non-book of memories relates to a well-educated man in his late thirties whom we will call "Richard." He came into one of our most modern mental hospitals from somewhere in the West End of London suffering from what appeared to be loss of memory and melancholia.

The examining doctors could get nothing out of Richard. He just curled up in his reclined chair, and kept quiet. He ate normally, slept well, and was so trouble-free. Now and then he muttered something incoherent, and would lounge around, with no hint for any kind of work or occupation.

The psychiatric social worker

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undoubtedly to find out something about Richard's antecedents, but drew a complete blank. There were no known relatives or friends. Richard had no papers or letters with him, and to clinch it all, he couldn't for weeks give any useful information about himself.

Then, one day, after twelve months in a mental hospital, Richard happened to say something which was coherent and intelligible. He didn't intend to say it. It just came out. The head nurse who heard it reported what had happened, and a few neat little traps were set. On more than one occasion the head nurse had said she had suspicions about Richard. The truth was that Richard couldn't act all the time. He had feigned insanity in order to escape from justice, had changed his name, his personality, and had he had betrayed madness with such restraint that he had hoodwinked the attendants and certifying doctors.

These chance words, which furnished a clue to his past, revealed an extraordinary story the essence of which was that Richard had never been insane, but had used this device in order to find a safe refuge, and dodge punishment.

WAS often asked: are mental hospitals, and more mental hospitals, the real answer to this awful malady - psychological - sociological problem?

In my opinion, they are only partly the answer.

By far the best and most profitable remedy for insanity of mind is to prevent such a state of affairs if possible. Preventive medicine is the real answer. This must necessarily pass through many spheres of life, notably health, housing, education in the general sense, and cultural education of the right kind. Preven-

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This Month's

## MAN JUNIOR

tion is much better than cure.

I firmly believe that if more time and money were spent in preventing the onset of certain mental diseases and disorders—pre-mental ones, for instance—the incidence of mental ill-health could be materially reduced and much money could be saved.

I believe also that there should be more psychiatric out-patient clinics in which men, women, and children could go for examination, advice and, if necessary, mental treatment.

There, under certain circumstances, E.C.T. (electric convulsion therapy) could be given under the supervision of psychiatric experts. Such clinics pay handsome dividends because they can save many a poor soul from a lifetime of detention in a mental hospital as a chronic case. One day it will be realized that psychiatric out-patient clinics are an absolute necessity in every civilized country.

What is the borderline between sanity and insanity? This question has been discussed and argued many times during a murder trial, or after an attempt at suicide.

The brief answer is this: if a man or woman can properly be held responsible for his or her actions (with MacNaghten Rules), he or she is sane. If not, the defendant is insane.

There is, of course, such a condition as "temporary insanity". A form of uncontrollable impulse takes hold of the brain, which temporarily blinds the individual to all sane, reasonable thought and action. These can be termed "vehementes".

When an ascending psychiatrist and/or sociologist has an allegedly insane person before him, there are many phases to consider. In some cases the symptoms of insanity

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Try to be normal at all times. Never take a rabid view about any problem or matter. There is always something to be said on both sides. If you lose your temper, it will do you no good, probably send up your blood pressure, try your heart, and temporarily disturb your mind.

Endeavour always to preserve an even keel, to make the calm approach which has overcome so many problems in the past, and will do in the future.

Learn all you can about your mind and your body.

Keep your emotions under control, and remember always, at least three people of old have reminded us, that "your mind is your kingdom".

But if you should fall by the wayside, whether it is of your own making or not, don't think of sinners and sinners, of cruelty, and horrors. Try, rather, to think of mental hospitals as places that want to make you well again.

If you had a suppurative appendix, a strangulated hernia, a diseased kidney, or tuberculosis, you would seek a general hospital for physical diseases. Then why be prejudiced in regard to hospitals for diseases of the mind?

In spite of all the criticism which has been levelled at them, most mental hospitals do a very good job, but with unexpected success. They don't want you. Most of them are overfull already. But if there's a half a chance of amelioration or, better still, a complete cure of the mental illness, they will find the way—and help you.

But if you have no predisposition to insanity, and lead a good clean normal life, you'll be OK. If you do suffer mental disorder modern means can do a lot towards making you better.

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## QUICK TIPS

Met one of those so-called self-made men the other day. As I listened to him I came to the conclusion that he was not a good tradesman.

He was not a good salesman, either. He started to sell himself, but sales talk is like a wheel—the greater the spoke, the greater the tyre.

This man was the best definition of a young man that you could meet. A young, of course, in an opening made by a hole.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself. Which reminds me that among things often opened by mistakes in the market, after all, it's O.K. to hold a conversation, but you should let it go now and again.

Like the author who dedicated his latest book to his wife, without whose stenosis, he said, it never could have been written.

But, getting back to our self-made man. As we told him, a man ought to look as though he's put together by accident—not added up on purpose.

He told us of his success in life and his demands for some job to keep working for it. He said "Success is never final and failure is never fatal. It's courage that counts."

We agreed with him on that and pointed out that in these days of stiff competition, you have to run pretty fast to stay where you are.

The duck dives as a lesson in life which we should follow—common sense and untruffed on the surface and paddle like blazes underneath.

But that can be difficult at times, as I told the boss when he got onto his family tree. We told him that we had seen his family ghost at his home a month or so earlier. He groaned. "I'll bet it gave you a start." We shook our heads. "Not at all," we said. "We didn't need one!"

Getting back to success in life reminds me of the attitude that a friend had some time ago when he was a youth. The socialist wrote on his last paper: "Your best insurance that your best opportunities lie in a field where your father has an influential position."

Our boss lived the words in account of his success in business. We reminded him that he couldn't take it with him. But he is the kind of fellow who, if he takes it with him, just wouldn't go.

Next time we see him, it will be a case of bitter alone. That is saying also to someone you don't like.

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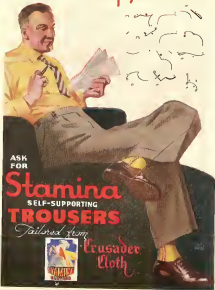


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